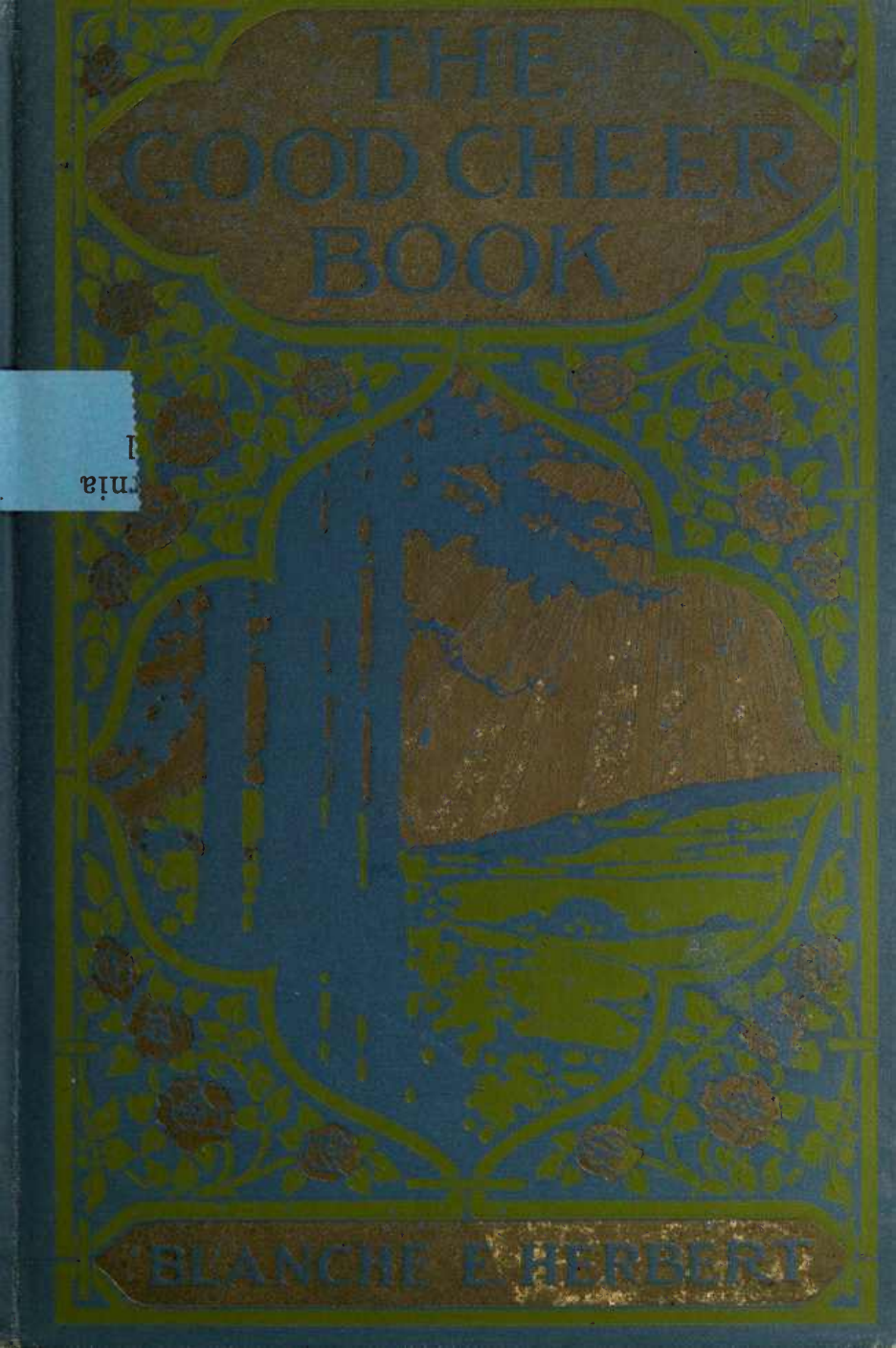
THE GOOD CHEER BOOK



BLANCHE E. HERBERT

109

UNIV. OF CALIF. LIBRARY, LOS ANGELES

THE GOOD CHEER BOOK

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE GOOD CHEER BOOK

Selected and arranged
By
BLANCHE E. HERBERT

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

BOSTON
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

Published, November, 1919

COPYRIGHT, 1919,
BY LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

All Rights Reserved

The Good Cheer Book

Norwood Press
BERWICK & SMITH CO.
NORWOOD, MASS.
U. S. A.

"Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."
—*Sam Walter Foss.*

THIS BOOK
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
TO YOU, MY FRIEND

2130256

WHY THE GOOD CHEER BOOK?

THE greatest war of the ages has passed, leaving in its wake maimed bodies, broken hearts, shattered hopes, unrealized ideals, soul-hunger, and menacing social and economic unrest. Believing that the dawn of a new and finer social and spiritual day is rising through the fog and mist of the present pain and struggle, but that its final advent depends largely upon personal adjustment to the changing conditions of life, I modestly offer The Good Cheer Book as one of the aids in solving the great problems of the future.

While many of the selections contained in this book are familiar, they impart something of the poise and confidence which one experiences when resting beneath the giant Sequoia trees which have reached heavenward for two thousand years or more. Generations have come and gone, and kingdoms have risen and fallen into decay, but still these great trees stand sturdily and peacefully, not as monuments in stone to the greatness of man, but as

a living promise of something enduring which may be ours. To linger in their sheltering presence and deep shadows, is to hush one's murmurings, and shame into oblivion one's petty desires and ambitions. So is it with many of the thoughts herein expressed. They pulsate with life, and we love them for their strength, beauty, and inspiration; and we turn to them for rest, healing, and reassurance when we stray from the "Foot-Path to Peace" and forget that there are things which never die.

Since we do not always realize that the boys and girls of to-day will be the citizens of to-morrow, and that the griefs and disappointments of childhood, before the little ones are able to reason, are just as poignant as their joys are intense, and play an important part in the development of character, I have included a bit of appreciation and cheer for the children, with confidence that the grown-up children will find suggestion and refreshment in the sweetness and charm of youth.

There are many people—sick people, discouraged people, lonely people—who need nothing so much as an understanding and sympathetic friend to help them to discover them-

selves and their power to create their own good cheer. May this little book prove to be such a friend. Phillips Brooks says, "We are haunted by an ideal life; it is in our blood and will never be still." If The Good Cheer Book assists even one struggling soul to find the trail which leads outward and upward into the sunlight of his ideal, I shall feel richly rewarded.

BLANCHE E. HERBERT.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

ANY anthology is necessarily an extended borrowing of the thoughts and expressions of others. The excuse, not to say justification, is that each act of borrowing is a tribute of praise, rendered in the hope of making the prized selections helpful to a still larger number.

Careful effort has been made to communicate with authors or those empowered to protect their work, and if any have been overlooked who should have been consulted, it is hoped that the grateful general acknowledgment here made will be accepted as satisfactory. Thanks are due each of the following for special permission to use the selections indicated, all rights in which are in each case reserved by the owner of the copyright:

Mme. Clara Gabrilowitsch for her very gracious permission to use a long selection from the works of her father, "Mark Twain."

T. A. Daly and David McKay: "Da Colda Feet," from "Madrigali."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Richard Le Gallienne: 'A Child's Evensong.''

Edwin Markham: ''The Day and the Work,'' from his forthcoming volume ''New Poems.''

Dr. Frank Crane and *The American Magazine.*

Helen Keller: Three extracts from an interview by Edward Marshall.

Edgar A. Guest and the Reilly & Lee Company: ''The Out-of-Doors Man,'' ''Lullaby,'' ''Tied Down,'' ''Bud's Views.''

Funk & Wagnalls Company: Extract from ''The Sunny Side of the Street,'' by Marshall P. Wilder.

Houghton Mifflin Company: ''Work,'' by Alice Cary; a number of selections from the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson; an extract from ''A Rill from the Town Pump,'' by Nathaniel Hawthorne; ''A Day of Sunshine,'' ''Christmas Bells,'' ''Children,'' ''Maidenhood,'' by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; an extract from ''The Vision of Sir Launfal,'' by James Russell Lowell; extracts from the works of Henry D. Thoreau; extracts from poems by John Greenleaf Whittier. All these selections are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

C. S. Hammond & Company: ''Duties of the Citizen,'' by Theodore Roosevelt.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company: ''O Heart of Mine,'' ''A Life-Lesson,'' and three short extracts from ''The Biographical Edition of the Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley.''

Ralph Waldo Trine and Dodd, Mead & Company: Extracts from ''In Tune with the Infinite.''

Dodd, Mead & Company: Extracts from ''The Blue

Bird," and "The Treasure of the Humble," by Maurice Maeterlinck; "Time to Tinker 'Roun'," "Little Brown Baby," "With the Lark," by Paul Laurence Dunbar.

George H. Doran Company: Extract from "The Human Machine," by Arnold Bennett.

Little, Brown & Company: Selection from "Nerves and Common Sense," by Annie Payson Call; " One Day at a Time," by Helen Hunt Jackson.

W. B. Conkey Company: Extracts from poems by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

B. W. Huebsch: Extracts from "The New Humanism," by Edward Howard Griggs.

Rudyard Kipling and Doubleday, Page & Company: "If."

Charles Scribner's Sons: "Dreaming of Home," "Child and Mother," "Kissing Time," and selection from another poem by Eugene Field.

John Kendrick Bangs: "Friends and Brothers."

Southern Press Syndicate: Selections from poems by the "Bentztown Bard."

Charlotte Perkins Gilman: "Recreation and Resolve."

"I want the book that truly tries
A happy, hopeful help to be;
That is the book that takes the prize!
The cheerful book's the book for me."

CONTENTS

PAGE

PART I

THE DIAGNOSIS 17

PART II

THE LURE OF THE CHEERFUL LIFE . . 31

PART III

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS 61
Happiness 63
Efficiency 79
Civic Welfare 97

PART IV

TONICS FOR THE CHEERFUL LIFE . . . 109
I will talk Health instead of sickness . . 111
I will talk Prosperity instead of failure . 123
I will carry Good News instead of bad news 145
I will tell the Cheerful Tale instead of the sad tale 153
I will mention my Blessings instead of my burdens 165

CONTENTS

I will speak of the Sunshine of yesterday and to-morrow instead of the clouds of to-day 223
I will Encourage instead of criticise . . 235
I will be a Friend to every one . . . 259

PART V

THE CHILDREN AND THE CHEERFUL LIFE . 269

PART VI

"IT IS BETTER TO TRAVEL HOPEFULLY THAN TO ARRIVE" 329

PART I

THE DIAGNOSIS

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance;
But by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken."

THE DIAGNOSIS

Are you enjoying life? Do you feel a certain kind of expectancy and glad looking forward when you awake in the morning as to what the events of the day may bring to you? Or is it with an uneasy, disappointed, and somewhat guilty feeling that you find yourself when consciousness returns? Have you come to feel how insincere and degenerate all the people around you have become, and how few people can really be trusted in the world to-day, and how little true religion there is, and what a hard time you have had, harder than any one else? Then there is something wrong with you. Not with life, nor with your fate or lot, but simply with you, with your own character. As the mother told her boy, you are one of the uninteresting good people who have lost their interest in the problems of life, and so have become uninteresting.

—*John Edgar Park.*

When one passes in review the individual causes that disturb and complicate our social life, by whatever names they are designated, and their list would be long, they all lead back to one general cause, which is this: the confusion of the secondary with the essential. Material comfort, education, liberty, the whole of civilization—these things constitute the frame of the picture; but the frame no more makes the picture than the frock the monk or the uniform the soldier. Here the picture is man, and man with his most intimate possessions—namely, his conscience, his character and his will. And while we have been elaborating and garnishing the frame, we have forgotten, neglected, disfigured the picture. Thus are we loaded with external good, and miserable in spiritual life; we have in abundance that which, if must be, we can go without, and are infinitely poor in the one thing needful. And when the depth of our being is stirred, with its need of loving, aspiring, fulfilling its destiny, it feels the anguish of one buried alive—is smothered under the mass of secondary things that weigh it down and deprive it of light and air.

—*Charles Wagner.*

THE DIAGNOSIS

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn.

—*William Wordsworth.*

ARE YOU GETTING ANYWHERE?

You are rushing, you are straining, with a grim
look on your face:
You are turning from all pleasures; in your
breast peace has no place;
You have ceased to find contentment in the nooks
you used to know;
You have ceased to care for others whom you
clung to long ago:
You are straining, you are striving through the
dark days and the fair,
But, O mirthless, eager brother, are you getting
anywhere?

In your haste you have forgotten how to linger
or to smile
When a child looks up and greets you or would
claim your care a while;
Though the wild rose sheds its petals in the
lonely pasture still,
And glad breezes sway the blossoms in the
orchard on the hill
You are too much in a hurry, and too occupied
to care,
But, with all your grim endeavors, are you getting anywhere?

You have fled from sweet contentment; trouble
haunts you in your dreams;
It is long since you have loitered on the banks of
shaded streams
That go singing to the pebbles they have made
so clean and white
And have polished at their leisure and their
pleasure day and night;
You no longer know the solace that is in a sweet
old air,
But, with all your ceaseless moiling, are you getting anywhere?

You have given up old fancies, you have left old
friends behind;
You are getting rich in pocket, but are poor in
heart and mind;
You have lost your sense of beauty in your haste
to push ahead,
And along the ways you travel bitterness and
grief are spread;

THE DIAGNOSIS

You have ceased to care how others bend beneath the woes they bear,
But, with all your cruel striving, are you getting anywhere?

—*S. E. Kiser.*

QUIET WAYS ARE BEST

What's the use of worrying,
Of hurrying,
And scurrying,
Everybody flurrying,
And breaking up their rest?
When every one is teaching us,
Preaching and beseeching us,
To settle down and end the fuss,
For quiet ways are best.

The rain that trickles down in showers
A blessing brings to thirsty flowers.
Sweet fragrance from each brimming cup
The gentle zephyrs gather up.
There's ruin in the tempest's path;
There's ruin in a voice of wrath;
And they alone are blest
Who early learn to dominate
Themselves, their violence abate,
And prove, by their serene estate,
That quiet ways are best.

Nothing's gained by worrying,
By hurrying,
And scurrying;
With fretting and with flurrying
The temper's often lost;
And in pursuit of some small prize
We rush ahead and are not wise,
And find the unwonted exercise
A fearful price has cost.

'Tis better far to join the throng
That do their duty right along;
Reluctant they to raise a fuss,
Or make themselves ridiculous.
Calm and serene in heart and nerve,
Their strength is always in reserve,
And nobly stands each test;
And every day and all about,
By scenes within and scenes without,
We can discern, with ne'er a doubt,
That quiet ways are best.

—*The Christian Commonwealth.*

I would give up all the mind
In the prim city's hoard can find—
House with its scrap-art bedight,
Straightened manners of the street,
Smoothed voiced society—
If so the swiftness of the wind

Might pass into my feet;
If so the sweetness of the wheat
Into my soul might pass,
And the clear courage of the grass;
If the lark caroled in my song;
If one tithe of the faithfulness
Of the bird mother with her brood
Into my selfish heart might press,
And make me also instinct good.

—*Edward Rowland Sill.*

ALL OF US

We sit in a little mist of days,
'Neath the gloom of a cloudy sky,
And some one whispers and some one prays
For the shadows to flutter by.
And we toil and mend and play our part,
And worry and fret and moan—
And that's because in the human heart
We think too much of our own.
We think too much of our own content,
Of the kind of pleasure that suits;
Of the kind of weather that's over us bent,
And our share of life's fruits;
Of our aches and pains and grief and glee,
Our comfort and fame and pride—
And the I and the You and the great big Me
Are the stakes to which we're tied.
If we were broader, as fellow-men,

We'd smile and we'd sing together,
Comrades of life in the world again
In every condition of weather.
And instead of a little mist of days
This earth would swim with shining,
And lift its voice in a shout of praise
Instead of a wail and whining.

—*Folger M'Kinsey.*

DAY BY DAY

Give me my tithe of strength to walk the way;
By work, and not by tinkling platitudes; to show
A steadfastness that, growing day by day,
Helps others, and the inner-me, to grow;
A sturdy will, before my course is run,
To see beyond the shadowings, the sun!

Who does not sometimes feel life not worth while,
Or curse the fight that wearies brain and soul,
Is dead indeed! . . . Those triumph most who smile
When mists of doubt obscure the Final Goal.
Then, give us strength, when in the valley's gloom,
To note that on the hills the flowers bloom!

THE DIAGNOSIS

Again, and yet again, my work will fail
  To measure to the simple standard set;
Despite resolves, the calmest soul must quail
  And care so little, it grows numb . . . And yet
    Grant me, with other things, one touch of mirth—
    And I will make my heaven here on earth!

—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

IN THE CITY PENT

Oh, sweet at this sweet hour to wander free,
  Or follow some invisible beckoning hand,
  Among the moody mountains, where they stand
  Awed with the thought of their own majesty!
Sweet, at the folding up of day, to be
  Where, on the tattered fringes of the land,
  The uncourted flowers of the penurious sand
  Are pale against the pale lips of the sea.
Sweetest to dream, on easeful earth reclined,
  Far in some forest's ancient idleness,
  Under the shadow of its bossy boles,
Beyond the world's pursuit and Care's access,
And hear the wild feet of the elfin wind,
  Dancing and prancing in mad caprioles.

—*William Watson.*

A WOMAN'S WISH

Would I were lying in a field of clover,
  Of clover cool and soft, and sweet,
With dusky clouds in deep skies hanging over,
  And scented silence at my head and feet.

Ah! it were sweet, where clover clumps are meeting
  And daisies hiding, so to hide and rest;
No sound except my own heart's sturdy beating,
  Rocking itself to sleep within my breast.

Just to lie there, filled with the deeper breathing
  That comes of listening to a wild bird's song!
Our souls require at times this full unsheathing—
  All swords will rust if scabbard kept too long.

And I am tired—so tired of rigid duty,
  So tired of all my tired hands find to do!
I yearn, I faint, for some of life's free beauty,
  Its loose beats with no straight string running through!

Ay, laugh, if laugh you will at my crude speech,
  But women sometimes die of such a greed,
Die for the small joys held beyond their reach,
  And the assurance they have all they need!

—*Mary Ashley Townsend.*

THE DIAGNOSIS

Sit down, sad soul, and count
The moments flying:
Come—tell the sweet amount
That's lost by sighing!
How many smiles?—a score?
Then laugh, and count no more,
For day is dying.

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of Time, nor weep
The loss of leisure;
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us, and dream
Of starry treasure.

We dream—do thou the same;
We love—forever;
We laugh, yet few we shame,—
The gentle, never.
Stay, then, till Sorrow dies;
Then—hope and happy skies
Are thine forever.

—*Bryan W. Procter.*

GOOD CHEER

How shall I come to meet you,
Dear tenant of my thought?
I send my song to greet you
Lest you be all distraught.

Think not if grief is wetting
  Your lattice bars with rain,
That I am all forgetting
  The face behind the pane.

A full-strung heart shall send you
  Winged message o'er the miles,
And sunny skies forefend you
  Lest you be strange to smiles.

A bird sings: "Morrow, morrow"—
  All in the sweetest way.
We shall not rhyme with sorrow
  Forever and a day.

Up hope and heart of gladness,
  Good cheer can mend the ill.
Here's wings to laggard sadness,
  And welcome, goodly will!

My four-o'-clocks are climbing
  Sheer skyward from the sod,
And all the garden chiming
  With orisons to God.

—*C. H. Crandall.*

"If a man comes not to gather
  The roses where they stand,
They fade among the foliage:
  They cannot seek his hand."

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven.

—*Shakespeare.*

PART II

THE LURE OF THE CHEERFUL LIFE

Take joy home,
And make a place in thy heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee,
When thou art working in the furrows.

—JEAN INGELOW.

THE LURE OF THE CHEERFUL LIFE

LET'S BE HAPPY HERE

Let's be happy here, lads, and who shall whine or care!
A hymn is in the morning and the night is sweet with prayer!
The boughs are full of fruit, men, and life is full of sweet;
In spite of all the heartache, there shall be no defeat!
There shall be no defeat, lads,
For in our souls shall rise
The light that gives the victory,
The hope that paints the skies!

Let's be happy here, lads, and as things come and go,
Stand up to face the issue, stand up to face the blow!
The strife shall end in triumph, the spring shall be our own,
And we shall tread the world, lads, where winds of May are blown!

Where winds of May in sweetness
O'er Maryland hills and vales
Shall kiss the morns with beauty
And fill the white ship-sails!

—*Bentztown Bard.*

Copyrighted by Southern Press Syndicate.

Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts, bright fancies, faithful sayings; treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor poverty take away from you,—houses built without hands for your souls to live in.

—*John Ruskin.*

GOD IS EVERYWHERE

There is nothing to know but Truth,
There is nothing to do but love;
There is no place to go where God is not—
The wide, wide world is a garden spot
Where the flowers of Truth eternally bloom,
Where the tares and weeds can find no room,
For there is no place where God is not.

—*Jane Grey Syme.*

THE MIRACLE OF MORNING

I felt the potent pulsing of the dawn,
  The throbbing of the ether fields from far,
'Twas the miracle of morning drawing on
  And the fading of the silent silver star;
God's morning, swinging down without a jar,
  With a glory on the leafage and the lawn
There was just a trace of color in the sky,
  A pinkish scintillation, that was all;
But the day had kissed the waning night good-by,
  And the silent world was waking at the call;
The watchful cricket told it to its mate,
  The thrushes heard with rapture on the lawn,
And every bud and blossom was elate
  With the miracle of morning drawing on.

—*Charles D. Lakey.*

NATURE'S SECRET

I know a green bank where anemones grow
  And daisies and buttercups too;
And where the sweet violets open their eyes
  To the color of heaven's own blue.

The apple trees pink with the blossoms of May
  A fragrance distill on the air,
And breezes all gently in passing them by
  Kiss softly their petals so fair.

Adown through the meadow a river flows by,
  Like a ribbon its pathway is seen,
And close to its winding on either green bank
  Are willows of tender-hued green.

The hills in their new budding verdure look down
  And smile on the valleys below,
And the bobolink sings o'er his nest in the grass
  Where cowslips and pimpernels grow.

O Nature, whose heart-throbs in winter are stilled,
  What think you of spring and its bloom?
What force has impelled you to clothe the broad earth
  With beauty bright spun from your loom?

For answer we read from each sweet-scented flower,
  And from the wild bird as it sings;
'Tis God in the blossoms, 'tis God in the breeze,
  'Tis God in the heart of all things.

—*Josephine Canning.*

FRIENDS AND BROTHERS

Why folks complain of loneliness
Is strange to me, I must confess;
Why, every brook, and every tree,
And every twinkling star I see,
Hath something good to say to me!

If you would find a comradeship
That through the years will never slip,
Be friends with all the stars of night,
Greet all God's creatures with delight—
The breeze that blows, the bird that sings,
The seas with mystic murmurings.
The stranger on the highway too
Is brother unto me and you,
In that great family a part
Whose home lies in the human heart!

—*John Kendrick Bangs.*

Let me go where'er I will
I hear a sky-born music still:
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young.
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.

It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in the darkest, meanest things
There alway, alway something sings.

'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the red breast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Have you found your life distasteful?
  My life did and does smack sweet.
Was your youth of pleasure wasteful?
  Mine I saved and hold complete.
Do your joys with age diminish?
  When mine fail me, I'll complain.
Must in death your daylight finish?
  My sun sets to rise again.

—*Robert Browning.*

SELF-DEPENDENCE

Weary of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
"Ye who from my childhood up have calm'd me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

"Ah," once more, I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer:
"Would'st thou be as these are? Live as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon silver'd roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

O air-born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
"Resolve to be thyself; and know, that he
Who finds himself, loses his misery!"

—*Matthew Arnold.*

"MY HEART LEAPS UP"

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a Man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!

—*William Wordsworth.*

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet
breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'erdarkened ways
Made for our searching; yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such, too, is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead.
All lovely tales that we have heard or read;
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

—*John Keats.*

THE LURE OF THE CHEERFUL LIFE

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double;
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife;
Come, hear the woodland Linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the Throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good
Than all the sages can.

Come forth and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

—*William Wordsworth.*

THE OUT-OF-DOORS MAN

There's something to this life, I say, when all the skies are blue,
And trees are turning green once more, and all the grass is new;
There's more than gold and more than fame to gather through the years;
It's good to be on hand to greet the robin that appears;
It's good to feel the earth grow warm beneath the kindly sun,
To wander out of doors once more and know a wanderer's fun.

When Nature wakes her children gay, and dresses them anew
In all their frocks and calico in every style and hue,
And turns them loose, it seems to me they miss a lot who hold
That life is just a round of strife for earthly fame and gold;
For flowers and birds and shady woods and every breeze that blows
Hold just as sweet enchantments as the ones that wealth bestows.

He has not spent his life in vain who loves the patch of blue
Above his head when days are fair, and walks the meadows through.

And he who whistles to his dog and tramps with
him the fields,
Has found a source of happiness that money sel-
dom yields.
And who shall say he is not rich, though little
gold he spends,
Who has the trees for comrades true and singing
birds for friends?

There's something to this life, I say, far more
than wealth or fame;
There is a splendid happiness which every man
may claim.
And when the green is on the trees and all the
brooks are clear,
There comes a balm for every ache, a smile for
every tear.
For he who steals the hours from toil to claim
the joys of spring
Thanks God that he has lived once more to hear
the robins sing.

—*Edgar A. Guest.*

Copyrighted, 1919, by Edgar A. Guest.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming
ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

SUMMAH'S COMIN'

Doan yer hear dat bluebird sing?
Lis'en, chile!
He so glad,—he know it spring,
Fill he throat an' flap he wing,
Lawd! whut peace dat souf wind bring,
Sorf' an' mile!

Seem jes lak de wuld done sick
Er bein' froze.
Winds dat makes yer move so quick,
Swimmin'-pools all hard an' slick,
But dat sun 'll do de trick
'Mos' 'fore yer knows!

Saw a yaller flowah ter-day,
Down de road,
Standin' up an' lookin' gay,
Same ez ef it wanter say:
"Wintah, he done skeert away."
Spec' it knowed!

Heerd de crick er-singin' low,
Sorter hummin';
See how dull dat fiah-wood glow!
Watch de grass commence ter grow.
'Mos' believe de whole wuld know
Summah's comin'!

—*Leigh Mitchell Hodges.*

Now is the high-tide of the year,
  And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
  Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
  That maise has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
  We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear and bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
  Tells all in his lusty crowing!

—*James Russell Lowell.*

THE HEART'S SPRINGTIDE

The birds have come back to my heart,
'Tis May!
The crocus and hyacinth start—
'Tis May!
From a Springtide of dreams
And a carol of streams,
A song has shot high in my heart—
'Tis May!

The Winter is white on the bough—
You say?
And May but a mystery now
You say?
Nay, if lost in the blue
They were singing to you—
The bloom would lie white on the bough!
Nay, nay—

The thrilling of shivering wings
To-day!
The greening and growing of things
To-day!
The shining and flowing
And sweeting and blowing—
Would fill the air under your wings
To-day!

—*Martha Gilbert Dickinson.*

COMFORT

Oh, every year hath its winter,
  And every year hath its rain
But a day is always coming
  When the birds go north again.

When the new leaves swell in the forest,
  And the grass springs green on the plain
And the alder's veins turn crimson,
  And the birds go north again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,
  And every heart hath its pain,
But a day is always coming
  When the birds go north again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember
  If courage be on the wane,
When the cold, dark days are over,
  Why, the birds go north again.

—*Ella Higginson.*

TO A SKY-LARK

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
  For thy song, Lark, is strong;
Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
  Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,
  Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems to thy mind!

THE LURE OF THE CHEERFUL LIFE

I have walked through wilderness dreary,
And to-day my heart is weary;
Had I now the wings of a Faery,
Up to thee would I fly.
There's madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine;
Lift me, guide me high and high
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as the morning,
Thou art laughing and scorning;
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark! thou would'st be loth
To be such a traveller as I.
Happy, happy Liver,
With a soul as strong as a mountain river
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both!

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures, when Life's day is done.

—*William Wordsworth.*

THE HUMBLE-BEE

Burly, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid-zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

. . . . . .

Hot mid-summer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs and sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavoury or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

A DAY OF SUNSHINE

O gift of God! O perfect day:
Whereon shall no man work, but play;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be!

Through every fibre of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every vein,
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea the sun
Sails like a golden galleon.

Blow, winds! and waft through all the rooms
The snow-flakes of the cherry-blooms!
Blow, winds! and bend within my reach
The fiery blossoms of the peach!

O Life and Love! O happy throng
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song!
O heart of man! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free?

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

"I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD"

I wandered lonely as a Cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden Daffodils;
Beside the Lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle in the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:—
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the Daffodils.

—*William Wordsworth.*

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
  There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
  By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
  I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
  From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

—*Lord Byron.*

THE SEA

The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and wake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh! *how* I love) to ride
On the fierce foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the southwest blasts do blow.

—*Bryan W. Procter.*

When heats as of a tropic clime
  Burned all our inland valleys through,
Three friends, the guests of summer time,
  Pitched their white tents where sea-winds blew.

They rested there, escaped awhile
  From cares that wear the life away,
To eat the lotus of the Nile
  And drink the poppies of Cathay,—
To fling their loads of custom down,
Like drift-weed, on the sand-slopes brown,
And in the sea waves drown the restless pack
Of duties, claims, and needs that barked upon their track.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday among the fields
above the sea,
Among the winds at play:
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds
The humming of the bees,
The foolish fears of what may happen
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

THE HEART OF THE HILLS

There's a wonderful country lying
Far off from the noisy town,
Where the windflower swings,
And the veery sings,
And the tumbling brooks come down;
'Tis a land of light and of laughter,
Where peace all the woodland fills;
'Tis the land that lies
'Neath the summer skies,
In the heart of the happy hills.

The road to that wonderful country
Leads out from the gates of care;
And the tired feet
In the dusty street
Are longing to enter there;
And a voice from that land is calling,
In the rush of a thousand rills,
"Come away, away,
To the woods to-day,
To the heart of the happy hills."

Far away in that wonderful country,
Where the clouds are always blue,
In the shadows cool,
By the foaming pool,
We may put on strength anew;
We may drink from the magic fountains,
Where the wine of life distills;
And never a care
Shall find us there,
In the heart of the happy hills.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here
Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men
And made thee loathe thy life.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

The tempered light of the woods is like a perpetual morning, and is stimulating and heroic. The anciently reported spells of these places creep on us. The incommunicable trees begin to persuade us to live with them and quit our life of solemn trifles.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practise resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and

be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion. For most men, it appears to me, are in a strange uncertainty about it.

—*Henry D. Thoreau.*

"It's the great, big, broad land 'way up yonder;
It's the forests where silence has lease;
It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder;
It's the stillness that fills me with peace."

THE CALL OF THE WILD

Have you gazed on naked grandeur where there's nothing else to gaze on,
Set pieces and drop-curtain scenes galore,
Big mountains heaved to heaven, which the blinding sunsets blazon,
Black canyons where the rapids rip and roar?
Have you swept the visioned valley with the green stream streaking through it,
Searched the Vastness for a something you have lost?
Have you strung your soul to silence? Then for God's sake go and do it;
Hear the challenge, learn the lesson, pay the cost.

THE LURE OF THE CHEERFUL LIFE

Have you known the Great White Silence, not a
snow-gemmed twig a-quiver?
(Eternal truths that shame our soothing lies.)
Have you broken trail on snowshoes, mushed
your huskies up the river,
Dared the unknown, led the way, and clutched
the prize?
Have you marked the map's void spaces, min-
gled with the mongrel races,
Felt the savage strength of brute in every
thew?
And though grim as hell the worst is, can you
round it off with curses?
Then hearken to the Wild—it's wanting you.

They have cradled you in custom, they have
primed you with their preaching,
They have soaked you in convention through
and through;
They have put you in a showcase; you're a credit
to their teaching—
But can't you hear the Wild—it's calling you.
Let us probe the silent places, let us seek what
luck betide us;
Let us journey to a lonely land I know.
There's a whisper on the night-wind, there's a
star agleam to guide us,
And the Wild is calling, calling—let us go.

—*Robert W. Service.*

RECREATION

Oh, hurry, People, hurry!
  You are missing all the show!
The great green earth a-spinning,
  The midnight skies aglow,
The whirl of circling seasons,
  The dance of flying days,
The scented shadowy forests,
  The still blue water ways,
The meadows white like snow,
  The meadows red and gold
    with flowers—
Oh, hurry, People, hurry!
  You are missing all the show!

Why are you waiting, People?
  Leave your flat walls and floors,
There's room for everybody,
  It's simply all out doors.
There's time for everybody
  To have three months to play,
We needn't work the hours we do,
  We needn't work that way.
We can arrange a whole new game
  And show our children how—
Why are you waiting, People?
  Why don't you do it now?

—*Charlotte Perkins Gilman.*

God's in His Heaven—
  All's right with the world!

—*Robert Browning.*

PART III

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS

HAPPINESS

"How good is man's life! the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and soul and the senses forever in joy!"

HAPPINESS

"Listen to the Exhortation of the Dawn!
Look to this Day!
For it is Life, the very Life of Life.
In its brief course lie all the
Verities and Realities of your Existence;
The Bliss of Growth,
The Glory of Action,
The Splendor of Beauty:
For Yesterday is but a Dream,
And To-morrow is only a Vision;
But to-day well lived makes
Every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness,
And every To-morrow a Vision of Hope."

"If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools that roam,
This world has nothing to bestow,—
From our own selves our joy must flow,
And peace begins at home."

It's no' in books, it's no' in lear,
  To make us truly blest;
If happiness has not her seat
  And center in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
  But never can be blest.

—*Robert Burns.*

The art of living consists in the wise choice of satisfactions. If we choose the fleshly, they do not last; we are eventually bored and wretched. If we choose the higher, they reveal themselves as more permanent, growing by what they feed on. So it is a question of whether you want to be happy a little while or all the time.

The mind and conscience are the latest products of evolution. The body runs back to the beasts. If your joys are in the mind, you can say, in the language of a modern philosopher, "We have a degree of existence at least ten times larger than others; in other words, we exist ten times as much."

Test yourself, then. What do you like best? Beer and beef and sleep, and slippered ease

and dancing and the chase? Does it most irritate you to be deprived of these things? Do you get petulant when you cannot have luxury, fine clothes, prominence, and all such? Well, all the world is like that, not necessarily wicked—but just Common. The hope is that you are dissatisfied with yourself.

But do you like—*like,* mark you, not say you like—do you like Mona Lisa or Chopin's Ballade or Walter Pater's writing or prayer or a new idea or a beautiful woodland, so much that you would miss a meal or forego being introduced to an ambassador, for the sake of enjoying them? Then rejoice! For you tread a narrow way, and few there be that find it. You may be many things reprehensible, but you are not Common.

—*Dr. Frank Crane.*

PEACE

'Tis not in seeking,
'Tis not in endless striving,
  Thy quest is found;
Be still and listen;
Be still and drink the quiet
  Of all around.

Not for thy crying,
Not for thy loud beseeching,
  Will peace draw near;
Rest with palms folded;
Rest with thine eyelids fallen—
  Lo! peace is here.

—*Edward Rowland Sill.*

Happiness cannot come from without. It must come from within. It is not that which we see or touch or feel, or that which others do for us which makes us happy—it is that which we think and feel and do, first, . . . "for the other fellow," and then for ourselves.

I know that inability to see, inability to hear, inability of normal speech, cannot shut happiness away from one who loves and is loved, from one who works, and, like all workers, inevitably gains the pay for labor, from one who wishes all men well, and tries, however humbly, to be helpful, believing that fundamentally all men are good.

—*Helen Keller.*

Copyrighted by Edward Marshall Syndicate.
(From an Interview.)

"I do not mean that we are to go and search for unhappiness; but on the other hand, the only happiness worth seeking for is a happiness which takes all these dark things into account, looks them in the face, reads the secret of their dim eyes and set lips, dwells with them, and learns to be tranquil in their presence."

OPEN THE DOOR

Open the door, let in the air;
The winds are sweet and the flowers are fair.
Joy is abroad in the world to-day:
If our door is wide it may come this way—
Open the door!

Open the door, let in the sun;
He hath a smile for every one;
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems,
He may change our tears to diadems—
Open the door!

Open the door of the soul, let in
Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish sin;
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine—
Open the door!

Open the door of the heart, let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin;
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware—
Open the door!

—*British Weekly.*

THE MURMUR OF A WATERFALL

The murmur of a waterfall
A mile away,
The rustle when a robin lights
Upon a spray,
The lapping of a lowland stream
On dripping boughs,
The sound of grazing from a herd
Of gentle cows,
The echo from the wooded hill
Of cuckoo's call,
The quiver through the meadow grass
At evening fall:—
Too subtle are these harmonies
For pen and rule;
Such music is not understood
By any school;
But when the brain is overwrought
It hath a spell,
Beyond all human skill and power
To make it well.

The memory of a kindly word
For long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower
Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer,
The hush that means "I cannot speak,
But I have heard!"
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own Word:—
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry;
The givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy;
But when the heart is overwrought,
Oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well?

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

GRANT ME THY PEACE!

Lord, through the coming year I make no plea
For wealth or power; neither that of grief
I have no portion; but where'er I be,
Grant me Thy peace!

I ask not that my days shall pleasure know:
Nor that from sorrow I shall find relief;
In hours of joy, in hours of pain or woe,
Grant me Thy peace!

If storm-clouds lower, if the sky be gray
And lightnings rift the air; if stormy seas
Threaten to me engulf, dear Lord, I pray,
Grant me Thy peace!

If those I trust deny me, or betray,
Till sorrow's chalice holds but bitter lees;
If hopes, long cherished, fail me by the way,
Grant me Thy peace!

If joy bids fair to be my welcome guest—
Lest I forget—oh, leave me not alone;
But let my happy heart have added zest;
Grant me Thy peace!

That peace which passeth understanding, give.
A peace which deadens pain when hope hath flown
In joy, in grief, whether I die or live,
Grant me Thy peace!

—*Elizabeth Crannell.*

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won:

Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast;
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must go to dust without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name,
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause;
This is the happy Warrior; this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

—*William Wordsworth.*

HAPPINESS

I hold that human happiness,
  If built on self, is nothing worth—
That bliss translated means to bless
  Some other denizen of earth.

The selfish man who lives alone
  For greed of gain—for paltry pelf,
Knows not his heart has turned to stone—
  That blindly he defrauds himself.

He might have won a wealth of love
  By kindly acts and words of cheer—
And joy, all other joys above—
  A needy neighbor's grateful tear.

For deeds of loving kindness will
  In reflex influence return
To render kind hearts kinder still,
  To make love's flame still brighter burn.

Who solely lived to please himself
  E'er aught but disappointment found?
Pleasure's a sly, deceitful elf,
  Who hides her chains until you're bound.

Oh, men are dull of heart and cold,
  And find His lesson hard to learn
Who came the secret to unfold
  How peace is found for which they yearn.

Love's the fulfilling of the law,
  For love is law, and law is love;
If our old earth this mandate saw
  Fulfilled, 'twould be like heaven above.

Then build your hope of happiness
  Upon the rock of His command
Who gave His all your life to bless,
  Or find you've built upon the sand.

—*Nannie H. Woodruff.*

Let me examine honestly my mental processes, and I must admit that my attitude toward others is entirely different from my attitude toward myself. I must admit that in the

seclusion of my mind, though I say not a word, I am constantly blaming others because I am not happy. Whenever I bump up against an opposing personality and my smooth progress is impeded, I secretly blame the opposer. I act as though I had shouted to the world: "Clear out of the way, every one, for I am coming!" Every one does not clear out of the way. I did not really expect every one to clear out of the way. But I act within as though I had so expected. I blame. Hence kindliness, hence cheerfulness, is rendered vastly more difficult for me.

What I ought to do is this: I ought to reflect again and again, and yet again, that the beings among whom I have to steer, the living environment out of which I have to manufacture my happiness, are just as inevitable in the scheme of evolution as I am myself; have just as much right to be themselves as I have to be myself; are precisely my equals in the face of Nature; are capable of being explained as I am capable of being explained; are entitled to the same latitude as I am entitled to; and are no more responsible for their composition and their environment than I for mine. I ought to reflect

again and again, and yet again that they all deserve from me as much sympathy as I give to myself. Having thus reflected in a general manner, I ought to take one by one the individuals with whom I am brought into frequent contact, and seek, by a deliberate effort of the imagination and the reason, to understand them, to understand why they act thus and thus, what their difficulties are, what their "explanation" is, and how friction can be avoided. Here is a course of discipline. If I follow it I shall gradually lose the preposterous habit of blaming, and I shall have laid the foundations of that quiet, unshakable self-possession which is the indispensable preliminary of conduct according to reason, of thorough efficiency in the machine of happiness.

—*Arnold Bennett.*

No one seems to doubt the immense human interest attached to joy. It is a sacred flame that must be fed, and that throws a splendid radiance over life. He who takes pains to foster it accomplishes a work as profitable for humanity as he who builds bridges, pierces

tunnels, or cultivates the ground. So to order one's life as to keep, amid toils and suffering, the faculty of happiness, and be able to propagate it in a sort of salutary contagion among one's fellow-men, is to do a work of fraternity in the noblest sense. To give a trifling pleasure, smooth an anxious brow, bring a little light into dark paths—what a truly divine office in the midst of this poor humanity! But it is only in great simplicity of heart that one succeeds in filling it.

—*Charles Wagner.*

Let us never forget that an act of kindness is of itself an act of happiness.

—*Maurice Maeterlinck.*

To every man there openeth
A Way, and Ways, and a Way,
And the High Soul climbs the High way
And the Low Soul gropes the Low,
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A High Way and a Low,
And every man decideth
The Way his soul shall go.

—*John Oxenham.*

EFFICIENCY

Those who live on the mountain have a longer day than those who live in the valley. Sometimes all we need to brighten our day is to climb up a little higher.

—ELLA FLAGG YOUNG.

EFFICIENCY

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
  So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
  The youth replies, I can.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—*Philip James Bailey.*

THE UPPER ROAD

Far lie the mountain crests against the sky;
How shall I find my way so lone, so high,
  Without a chart, and with a heavy load?
Pilgrim, one certain Guide is thine at will,
Where the road forks, winding o'er plain and hill,
Whichever way seems easier, choose thou still
  The upper road.

By brier and bramble hedged on either hand
Often it climbs within a lonely land
  Where 'neath thy stumbling feet sharp stones
    are strowed.
Yet choose it ever, for beyond it rise
The steadfast peaks that pierce the eternal skies,
They are thy goal;—here thy beginning lies,
        The upper road.

Comrades may smile, and beckon thee instead,
To take the lower path, so smooth to tread,
  Where roses bloom, without a thorn to goad,
A pleasant choice—and yet it leads away
From the high mountain tops that front the day.
Turn, pilgrim, turn, and take the wiser way,
        The upper road.

On these rough upward paths have climbed the
    feet
Of all earth's heroes, all her saints, to meet
  Reward and joy, at the sure end bestowed.
Their steps have stumbled, too, their burdens
    weighed
Heavy as thine; yet forward, undismayed,
They pressed before thee. Choose,—nor be
    afraid,—
        The upper road.

—*Priscilla Leonard.*

One's ideal is one's vision from the slope of the mountain of endeavor: each step of climbing widens the horizon, not in one only, but in all directions; while the wider vision inspires renewed effort. Thus it is impossible to change either the ideal or the conduct of a man or an epoch of men, without changing both elements: but it is the ideal which is logically the cause, the conduct which is the effect; and always the creative element in the dynamic progress of the world comes in through the elevation of the ideal, that is, through the higher vision of the men who are upon the advancing margin of life.

—*Edward Howard Griggs.*

TO PRIZE LIFE'S HARDNESS

To prize life's hardness! find delight in ways
  That scale the hill crest and the loftier air;
To rouse some bird song in the desolate days
  When Winter holds the forest froz'n and bare;
To wear the cypress as though laurel-wreathed;
  To lure a smile from brows that darkly frown;
To say to traits of evil, age bequeathed,
  "Ye may be blotted out!"—and fight them down.

To take what Heaven or Circumstance has sent
  And bend it to the making of a man!—
This is the aim whereto my days are blent,
  My fond endeavor, waking vision, plan.
O life! O earth! I prize ye for your smart,
And for your rudeness I am glad at heart.

—*James H. West.*

"THE INEVITABLE"

I like the man who faces what he must
  With step triumphant and a heart of cheer,
Who fights the daily battle without fear,
  Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God—that somehow, true and just,
  His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
  Falls from his grasp; better with love a crust
Than living in dishonor; envies not
  Nor loses faith in man, but does his best,
Nor even murmurs at his humbler lot,
  But, with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
To every toiler. He alone is great
  Who, by a life heroic, conquers fate.

—*Sarah Knowles Bolton.*

LITTLE THINGS

Here's to the one who loves to do
  The little things of life,
Who lets no large ambition woo
  Him into worldly strife;
A kindly man content to work
  At any useful task,
Who has no duties he would shirk,
  No favors he would ask.

Here's to the man, where'er he be!
  And O, Thou gentle One,
Remember, in Thy ministry,
  The good that he has done,—
The happy words, the helpful deeds,
  So tender and so true!
For those who have no selfish needs,
  Alas, are all too few.

Ah, he who takes a humble part,
  In trade, in church, in state,
And lets no envy fill his heart
  With hatred for the great,
Can watch the wheel of fortune roll
  Its luckless favors out,
Conscious that he has won his soul
  Who conquers care and doubt.

This health to him!—who learns to feel
  That little things in life
Make up the best of human weal,—
  The worst of human strife;

Who hides his anger in a smile,
  His worry in good cheer,
And lives without a trace of guile,
  And dies without a fear!

—*Charles W. Stevenson.*

SYMPHONY OF LIFE

To live content with small means;
To seek elegance rather than luxury,
Refinement rather than fashion;
To be worthy, not simply respectable;
And wealthy, not simply rich;
To study hard, think quietly,
Talk gently, act frankly;
To listen with open heart to birds and stars,
To babes and sages;
To bear all cheerfully, do all bravely;
Await occasions, never hurry—
In a word, to let the spiritual life
Grow up through and above the common—
This to be my "symphony of life."

—*William Henry Channing.*

A LOWLY LIFE

So uncomplainingly she bore the moil
Of housewife care and unremitting toil,
And, be it said, throughout her length of days
Her womanly reward was stinted praise.

EFFICIENCY

She lived a life as lowly as the loam,
Yet just her patient smile suggested home
And mother-love that watched o'er trundle-bed,
Till, e'en the praiseless husband often said
She made his home-life happy.

So, when the friends had crossed upon her breast
Her tired hands that she might better rest,
And noted the angelic smile of peace
She wore at labor's end and toil's surcease,
An epitaph to mark her grave they framed,
And, while no deed of martyrdom was named,
The lines told all of wife and mother strife—
They writ beneath her name: "A Farmer's Wife
She made his home-life happy."

—*Roy Farrell Green.*

Lord, let me make this rule
To think of life as school,
And try my best
To stand each test,
And do my work,
And nothing shirk.

Should some one else outshine
This dullard head of mine,
Should I be sad?
I will be glad,
To do my best
Is Thy behest.

Some day the bell will sound,
Some day my heart will bound,
As with a shout
That school is out,
And lessons done,
I homeward run.

—*Maltbie Davenport Babcock.*

THE DAY AND THE WORK

There is waiting a work where only his hands
can avail;
And so, if he falters, a chord in the music will
fail.
He may laugh to the sky, he may lie for an hour
in the sun;
But he dare not go hence till the labor appointed
is done.

To each man is given a marble to carve for the
wall:
A stone that is needed to heighten the beauty
of all:
And only his soul has the magic to give it a
grace:
And only his hands have the cunning to put it
in place.

—*Edwin Markham.*

"AT IT ALL THE TIME"

There's a prosy kind of motto that you'll find is very rife
With the people you most envy for their rare success in life.
I'll admit it's not romantic, has no touch of the sublime,
But it's just the rule to work by,—namely, *At it all the time.*

You'll observe that men and women who, 'tis said, have made their mark
Do not drop the chalk of effort at the first approach of dark;
And you'll find them at life's blackboard when the sun begins to climb,
For, obedient to their motto, they keep *at it all the time.*

The thing God sets them doing gets to be their chief delight;
'Tis their first thought in the morning and their last concern at night.
They will turn away from pleasure just as promptly as from crime;
Simple duty is their safeguard, for they're *at it all the time.*

It's the noblest of all passions, this consuming zeal for work,
This wholesome dread of failure or of being called a shirk;

And I'm sure the wisest motto for success, in prose or rhyme,
Is that plain rule of the workers—*keeping at it all the time.*

—*James Buckham.*

A SONG FOR THOSE WHO SUCCEED

A song for those who succeed:
(You there!)
You whole successful crew,
Ye men of the strong, heroic stripe,
Here is a song for you,
Now who is there here in this whole wide throng
In whose honest ear I can sing my song—
(Stand up!)

Ah, here's my millionaire:
(Come here!)
Good sir, your wealth is great,
And well you have scooped your fortune, man,
From the loosened grasp of fate.
You have picked up gold as the long years roll.
But while picking up gold you have dropped your soul:
(Go back!)

Ah, here's my wide-browed sage:
(This way!)
Five thousand years of lore!
Faith, man, 'tis a goodly heritage,
But you need a little more.

EFFICIENCY

You have garnered all thoughts from the four
winds blown,
But forgotten meantime to think your own:
(Sit down!)

Ah, here's my artist friend:
(Step up!)
You have given dreams to men,
Yes, a world of dreams you have bodied forth
With chisel, brush and pen;
But you've lost the meat of the tough world's
strife,
And missed the juice of the vintage of life;
(Step down!)

Who's that old woman there?
(Sit down!)
She has no lore or pelf,
And has worked so hard for those she loved
She has never thought of herself.
Step up, step up in the whole world's view;
Ah, madam, this song is meant for you:
(Step up!)

—*Sam Walter Foss.*

I desire to radiate health, cheerfulness, sincerity, calm courage and good-will. I wish to live without hate, whim, jealousy, envy or fear. I wish to be simple, honest, natural, frank, clean in mind and clean in body, unaffected;

ready to say "I do not know" if so it be, to meet all men on an absolute equality, to face any obstacle and meet any difficulty unafraid and unabashed. I wish others to live their lives, too, up to their highest, fullest and best. To that end I pray that I may never meddle, dictate, interfere, give advice that is not wanted, nor assist when my services are not needed. If I can help people I'll do it by giving them a chance to help themselves; and if I can uplift or inspire, let it be by example, influence and suggestion rather than by injunction and dictation. That is to say, I desire to be radiant—to radiate life.

—*Elbert Hubbard.*

HOW DID YOU DIE?

Did you tackle that trouble that came your way
  With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
  With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
  Or a trouble is what you make it,
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
  But only how did you take it?

EFFICIENCY

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
  Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
  But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why the higher you bounce,
  Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
  It's how did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?
  If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
  Why, the Critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
  And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
  But only how did you die?

—*Edmund Vance Cooke.*

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
  Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you
  But make allowance for their doubting too:
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
  Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
  And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your
master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your
aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same:
If you can hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to,
broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out
tools;

If you can make a heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word of your loss:
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold
on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common
touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much:
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it;
And—which is more—you'll be a man, my Son.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

THE FEAR OF BEING GREAT

Sounds a bit odd, doesn't it? Suggests some slip of the typewriter, or a printer's mistake? The fear of being great! "Why bless you," you exclaim, "we're not afraid of being great. We're afraid we won't be great."

Nothing of the sort. You're afraid to be great. That's what is the matter with you. And so long as that fear has right of way in the organization of you, you won't be great.

But I can't be harsh with you. There are excuses for this fear of yours. To be great is to be greatly a sufferer, greatly misunderstood, greatly embattled, greatly aloof and alone. To be great is to have one's visage marred more than any man, and one's form more than the sons of men. I hardly can blame you for not wishing to pay the price.

Washington paid it. And Lincoln. Both were greatly great, because greatly beset and buffeted. Read the letter of Hamilton entreating Washington to accept the Presidency when that Great heart shrank from the task with an utter shrinking. The dark days of the war—defeats, impoverishment, disloyalties, domestic treason and foreign levy—

had worn him down; so that now he cried out for ease from the burden. Nor were they cries without cause. No President than he was ever more savagely vilified.

And Lincoln! man of sorrows, man acquainted with grief. The show of his countenance witnesses for him in the matter. Costly the price he paid. The deep, sorrowful eyes of him, and stricken face, tell the story. It is known of all.

Yes, you're afraid to be great: afraid to stand alone. You choose to be like others—float with the tide; go with the crowd, swallowed in the gregarious nonentity! That's the herding instinct, which deteriorates men into cattle.

It's the easiest way. And will keep your soul scrawny forever.

—*Bouck White.*

CIVIC WELFARE

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us do our duty as we understand it.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

CIVIC WELFARE

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still,
Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindness.

—*George Herbert.*

A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee, shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee, shall make thee strong,
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

—*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting?
Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine,
It shall serve thee and thy brother.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag heavily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden;
God will bear both it and thee.

—*Elizabeth Charles.*

I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right;
But only to discover and to do,
With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.

I will trust in Him,
That He can hold His own; and I will take
His will, above the work He sendeth me,
To be my chiefest good.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

What asks our Father of His children save
Justice and mercy and humility,
A reasonable service of good deeds,
Pure living, tenderness to human needs,
Reverence, and trust, and prayer for light to see
The Master's footprints in our daily ways?
No knotted scourge, nor sacrificial knife,
But the calm beauty of an ordered life
Whose every breathing is unwonted praise.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil,—who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long,
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

—*Maltbie Davenport Babcock.*

'Tis well! from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
That by our own right hands it must be wrought,
That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low.
O Dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer!
We shall exult, if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band,
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honor which they do not understand.

—*William Wordsworth.*

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink;
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

In the long run, success or failure will be conditioned upon the way in which the average man, the average woman, does his or her duty, first in the ordinary, every-day affairs of life, and next in those great occasional crises which call for the heroic virtues.

The average citizen must be a good citizen if our republics are to succeed. The stream will not permanently rise higher than the main source; and the main source of national power and national greatness is found in the average citizenship of the nation. Therefore it behooves us to do our best to see that the standard of the average citizen is kept high; and the average citizen cannot be kept high unless the standard of the leaders is very much higher.

* * * * *

The man who does nothing cuts the same sordid figure in the pages of history, whether he be cynic, or fop, or voluptuary. There is little use for the being whose tepid soul knows nothing of the great and generous emotion of the high pride, the stern belief, the lofty enthusiasm of the men who quell the storm and ride the thunder. Well for these men, if they succeed; well, also, though not so well, if they fail, given only that they have nobly ventured, and have put forth all their heart and strength. It is war-worn Hotspur spent with hard fighting, he of the many errors and the valiant end, over whose memory we love to linger, not over the memory of the young lord who "but for the vile guns would have been a soldier."

* * * * *

In short, the good citizen in a republic must realize that he ought to possess two sets of qualities, and that neither avails without the other. He must have those qualities which make for efficiency, and he must also have those qualities which direct the efficiency into channels for the public good.

He is useless if he is inefficient. There is nothing to be done with the type of citizen of

whom all that can be said is that he is harmless. Virtue which is dependent upon a sluggish circulation is not impressive. There is little place in active life for the timid good man. The man who is saved by weakness from robust wickedness is likewise rendered immune from robuster virtues. The good citizen in a republic must first of all be able to hold his own. He is no good citizen unless he has the ability which will make him work hard and which at need will make him fight hard. The good citizen is not a good citizen unless he is an efficient citizen.

—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

OUR COUNTRY

"O Beautiful, my country!"
  Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
  Thy harvests waving fair;
Be it thy pride to lift up
  The manhood of the poor;
Be thou to the oppressed
  Fair freedom's open door!

For thee our fathers suffered,
  For thee they toiled and prayed;
Upon thy holy altar
  Their willing lives they laid:
Thou hast no common birthright,
  Grand memories on thee shine;
The blood of pilgrim nations
  Commingled flows in thine.

O Beautiful, our country!
  Round thee in love we draw;
Thine is the grace of freedom,
  The majesty of law:
Be righteousness thy scepter,
  Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
  Be peace the crowning gem!

—*Frederick L. Hosmer.*

"Therefore, though few may praise, or help, or heed us,
Let us work on with head, or heart, or hand,
For that we know the future ages need us,
And we must help our time to take its stand."

The time is ripe for a new prophet, who shall call the world back to the simple realities of human life. The awaited teacher should

found no order and establish no sect. It is not the multiplication of institutions that is needed, but the consecration of individuals. He must have the reserve of wisdom; he must forego authority and disclaim unusual election. He must find the ideal by transfiguring the commonplace; he must see and teach the divinity of common things. He should live in the world, and yet maintain a perfect consecration to an ideal of simplicity, spirituality and personal helpfulness. He should call men away from the senseless rush for luxury, fashion, dissipation; and turn them to the things of the spirit—personal love, thought, beauty, immediate helpfulness. It is not a new gospel that is needed, but the gospel anew.

—*Edward Howard Griggs.*

THE RIGHT IS MARCHING ON

From age to age they gather, all the brave
of heart and strong,
In the strife of truth with error, of the right
against the wrong;
I can see their gleaming banner, I can hear
their triumph song.
The truth is marching on!

"In this sign we conquer;" 'tis the symbol
of our faith,
Made holy by the might of love triumphant
over death;
"He finds his life who loseth it," forevermore
it saith:
The right is marching on!

The earth is circling onward out of shadow
into light;
The stars keep watch above our way, how-
ever dark the night;
For every martyr's stripe there glows a bar
of morning bright,
And love is marching on!

—*Frederick L. Hosmer.*

THE COMING RACE

These things shall be,—a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
  Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
  The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
  And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
  When all the earth is paradise.

—*John A. Symonds.*

PART IV

TONICS FOR THE CHEERFUL LIFE

THE GOOD CHEER PLEDGE

To promote Happiness, Efficiency, and Civic Welfare, I sincerely promise that wherever I am

I will talk Health instead of sickness.
I will talk Prosperity instead of failure.
I will carry Good News instead of bad news.
I will tell the Cheerful Tale instead of the sad tale.
I will mention my Blessings instead of my burdens.
I will speak of the Sunshine of yesterday and to-morrow instead of the clouds of to-day.
I will Encourage instead of criticise.
I will be a Friend to every one.

These tonics taken regularly in large, Allopathic doses, produce the following results:

They open the windows of the soul.
They strengthen the heart-action.
They purify the mental atmosphere.
They relax nerve-tension.
They increase the circulation of the blood.
They eliminate poison from the system.
They improve the appetite.
They aid digestion.
They tone up the physical vitality.

The treatment is as free as the Pure Air, the Blue Sky, and the Sunshine.

I WILL TALK HEALTH INSTEAD OF SICKNESS

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

I WILL TALK HEALTH INSTEAD OF SICKNESS

She always is ailing, ne'er calls herself well,
And never is happy unless she can tell
To all whom she meets, how each ailment befell.

When she lies down at night, she can feel her heart beat,
And at morn she is troubled with very cold feet;
And her stomach feels gone—if she only could eat!

Her liver is worse than no liver at all;
And shivers go o'er her; she feels her flesh crawl;
And her head—but that came, when a child, from a fall.

Then her nerves; here her feelings no words can express!
Such awful sensations, such fearful distress,
Half her suffering no one but the nervous could guess!

Come weal or woe, whatever betide,
She ne'er is quite free from a pain in her side;
And a curve in her spine is her joy and her pride.

Earth, robed in its beauty, allures her in vain;
She feels so to dread a return of her pain;
She thinks she will send for the doctor again.

Above bends the sky, and there rises the hill;
Beyond is the river, beside it the mill;
But her only thought is when she takes the next pill.

Bright clouds float in silence and beauty along;
Sweet birds, glad of heart, fill the air with their song;
But she sees not, she hears not—her throat feels all wrong.

You tell her a story, you bring her a book,
You show her a picture and beg she will look,
Ah, no! She must first tell you "how she was took."

Her mind is so bent on "enjoying poor health,"
And of direful symptoms she has such a wealth,
That you cannot divert her, not even by stealth.

But over, and over, and over again,
With thoughts ever fixed in the same gloomy train,
She talks of her ills, and her pills, and her pain.

And 'tis feared when she reaches that beautiful shore,
Where sorrow, and sickness, and pain are no more,
My lady will sigh for "the sweet days of yore."

—*Christine Miller.*

Talk health! The dreary, never changing tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale,
You cannot charm or interest or please,
By harping on that minor chord, disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God will hear your words and make them true.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

What volumes of potential energy are wasted, and far worse, in negative and discordant mental activities! We are not thinking for ourselves, but for the world. With the shuttle of thought in the loom of mind, we are weaving the multi-colored fabric of conditions, and these not merely immaterial, but to be outwardly actualized and manifested. If one in

his own soul strikes the discordant notes of anger, envy, avarice, selfishness, or even those seemingly more harmless ones of simple fear, weakness, grief, pessimism, or depression, he is creating and vibrating those conditions far and near, thereby stirring the corresponding chords in other souls into sympathetic activity. The sphere of outward action is limited, while that of thought is boundless. Mere doing makes ephemeral reputation, while quality of thinking determines, or rather is, vital character.

—*Henry Wood.*

When we learn that it is a matter of economy never to rehearse the symptoms of disease, never to get angry, never to cherish ill-will, revengeful or unforgiving thoughts, never to make enemies, but always to be charitable and friendly, kind, good-natured, and hopeful, we shall not need to be told how we caused his own dis-ease; nor shall we need to say, "I will not think these wrong thoughts any more," for they will die out of themselves.

—*Horatio W. Dresser.*

I WILL TALK HEALTH INSTEAD OF SICKNESS

You are continually building, and so externalizing in your body, conditions most akin to the thoughts and emotions you entertain. And not only are you building from within, but you are also continually drawing from without, forces of a kindred nature. Your particular kind of thought connects you with a similar order of thought from without. If it is bright, hopeful, cheerful, you connect yourself with a current of thought of this nature. If it is sad, fearing, despondent, then this is the order of thought you connect yourself with.

—*Ralph Waldo Trine.*

Thus the sovereign voluntary path to cheerfulness, if our spontaneous cheerfulness be lost, is to sit up cheerfully, to look round cheerfully, and to act and speak as if cheerfulness were already there. If such conduct does not make you soon feel cheerful, nothing else on that occasion can. So to feel brave, act as if we were brave, use all our will to that end, and a courage-fit will very likely replace the fit of fear. . . . To wrestle with a bad feeling only pins our attention on it, and keeps it

still fastened in the mind: whereas, if we act as if from some better feeling, the old bad feeling soon folds its tent like an Arab, and silently steals away.

—*William James.*

I think we are too ready with complaint
  In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope
  Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon gray blank of sky, we might be faint
  To muse upon eternity's constraint
  Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope
  Must widen early, is it well to droop
  For a few days, consumed in loss and taint?
O pusillanimous Heart, be comforted,—
And like a cheerful traveler, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints?—At least it may be said,
"Because the way is short, I thank thee, God!"

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

BLUES AND BLUES

If you must sit high and sigh
  And have the blues,
Why don't you try to realize
  That there are sighs and sighs,
And Blues and Blues,
From which to choose?

I WILL TALK HEALTH INSTEAD OF SICKNESS

There are heavenly blues, and blue of
tranquil seas,
Both pleasant—if you have them, pray
have these.

—*Annie L. Scull.*

If the windows of your soul are dirty and streaked, covered with matter foreign to them, then the world as you look out of them will be to you dirty and streaked and out of order. Cease your complainings, however; keep your pessimism, your "poor unfortunate me" to yourself, lest you betray the fact that your windows are badly in need of something. But know that your friend, who keeps his windows clean, that the Eternal Sun may illumine all within and make visible all without,—know that he lives in a different world from yours.

Then go wash your windows, and instead of longing for some other world, you will discover the wonderful beauties of this world; and if you don't find transcendent beauties on every hand here, the chances are that you will never find them anywhere.

—*Ralph Waldo Trine.*

To keep my health!
To do my work!
To live!
To see to it I grow and gain and give!
Never to look behind me for an hour!
To wait in weakness and to walk in
power,
But always fronting forward to the
light,
Always, and always facing toward
the right,
Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen,
wide astray—
On, with what strength I have!
Back to the way!

—*Charlotte Perkins Gilman.*

The man who realizes that he has become or is becoming a victim of worry must be advised consciously and resolutely to direct himself to the question of his sleep. It is safe to say that the worrying man cannot sleep too much, and, as a rule, he sleeps too little. If he would be cured, then, he must attend to this matter. Insomnia may well be the efficient cause of worry in his case, and to remove the efficient cause is to cure the disease. If the doctor's help is necessary it must be obtained. There

are very few cases of insomnia that cannot be relieved. . . . The man who sleeps well is, . . . a practical optimist, whilst the victim of insomnia is, . . . a practical pessimist—a man who worries.

—*C. W. Saleeby, M. D.*

Just as Nature tends toward health, Nature tends toward rest—toward the right kind of rest; and if we have lost the true knack of resting we can just as surely find it as a sunflower can find the sun. . . . We can do it best by keeping our minds concentrated on something simple and quiet and wholesome. For instance, you feel tired and rushed and you have half an hour in which to rest and get rid of the rush. Suppose you lie down on the bed and imagine yourself a turbulent lake after a storm. The storm is dying down, dying down, until by and by there is no wind, only little dashing waves that the wind has left. Then the waves quiet down steadily, more and more, until finally they are only ripples on the water. Then no ripples, but the water is as still as glass. The sun goes down. The sky

glows. Twilight comes. One star appears, and green banks and trees and sky and stars are all reflected in the quiet mirror of the lake, and you are the lake, and you are quiet and refreshed and rested and ready to get up and go on with your work—to go on with it, too, better and more quietly than when you left it.

—*Annie Payson Call.*

The best part of health is fine disposition. It is more essential than talent, even in the works of talent. Nothing will supply the want of sunshine to peaches, and, to make knowledge valuable, you must have the cheerfulness of wisdom. Whenever you are sincerely pleased, you are nourished. The joy of the spirit indicates its strength. All healthy things are sweet-tempered.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

"For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

I WILL TALK PROSPERITY INSTEAD OF FAILURE

"Anxiety never yet successfully bridged over any chasm."

I WILL TALK PROSPERITY INSTEAD OF FAILURE

Yes, if you're a tramp in tatters,
  While the blue sky bends above
You've got nearly all that matters—
  You've got God, and God is love.

—*Robert W. Service.*

Plant flowers in the soul's front yard,
  Set out new shade and blossom trees,
An' let the soul once froze an' hard,
  Sprout crocuses of new idies.

Yes, clean yer house, an' clean yer shed,
  An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head,
  An' sweep the snow banks from yer heart.

—*Sam Walter Foss.*

Say! you've struck a heap of trouble—
  Bust in business, lost your wife;
No one cares a cent about you,
  You don't care a cent for life;
Hard luck has of hope bereft you,
  Health is failing, wish you'd die—
Why, you've still the sunshine left you
  And the big, blue sky.

—*Robert W. Service.*

MATILDA AND NATURE'S SPRING CLEANING

I find the world outside my house is often all
  awry,
But my household is a model to direct the planet
  by,
Excepting in spring cleaning time—my home is
  then destroyed—
'Tis made a primal chaos then, without a form
  or void.

'Tis scoured from the rafter to the bottom cellar
  stair;
And I leave behind all hope whene'er I enter
  there;
For the wash-brush, like a whirlwind, devastates
  the peaceful scene,
For Matilda is the cleanest of the cleanest of the
  clean.

I WILL TALK PROSPERITY INSTEAD OF FAILURE

But Matilda's just like Nature, for early every spring
Does Nature get her scrub brush out, her duster and her wing;
With her mighty soap and bucket does she travel all about,
And swashes through the universe and cleans the old thing out.

And she puts up new lace curtains in the windows of the sky,
Made of white cloud, mixed with sunshine, floating, filmy tapestry,
When the gorgeous sun at sunset finds the clouds about him curled,
And he sticks his jewelled hairpin through the back-hair of the world.

And she takes her dull brown carpet and she rips it from the hills,
And she sprays her floors with showers till they soak through to the sills;
Then her tuliped carpet, with its background of bright green
Spreads she, rich as the floor-mat 'neath the high throne of a queen.

So, Matilda, whisk your wash-rag; it is music to my ears,
And it beats with perfect rhythm to the music of the spheres,

Reach your long brush for the cobwebs, swing it
ever high and higher,
A baton that beats the measure for the mighty
Cosmic Choir.

You are cleaning house with Nature; you are
stepping to the march,
To which the planet legions trail across the
starry arch,
Though the table's on the bureau, and the whisk
broom does not cease,
I eat my supper standing, lapped in universal
peace.

—*Sam Walter Foss.*

Sky so blue it makes you wonder
If it's heaven shining through;
Earth so smiling 'way out yonder,
Sun so bright it dazzles you;
Birds a-singing, flowers a-flinging
All their fragrance on the breeze;
Dancing shadows, green, still meadows
Don't you mope, you've still got these.

—*Robert W. Service.*

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of space
Roll on!
What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?
Never you mind!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air
Roll on!
It's true I've got no shirt to wear,
It's true my butcher's bill is due,
It's true my prospects all look blue—
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never you mind!
Roll on!
(It rolls on.)

—*W. S. Gilbert.*

FAILURE

What is a failure? It's only a spur
To a man who receives it right,
And it makes the spirit within him stir
To go in once more and fight.
If you never have failed, it's an even guess
You never have won a high success.

What is a miss? It's a practice shot
  Which we often must make to enter
The list of those who can hit the spot
  Of the bull's-eye in the centre.
If you never have sent your bullet wide,
You never have put a mark inside.

What is a knock-down? A count of ten
  Which a man may take for a rest.
It will give him a chance to come up again
  And do his particular best.
If you've never been bumped in a rattling go,
You never have come to the scratch, I know!

—*Edmund Vance Cooke.*

IT COULDN'T BE DONE

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
  But he with a chuckle, replied
That maybe it couldn't, but he would be one
  Who wouldn't say so till he tried.
So he buckled right in, with a trace of a grin
  On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
  That couldn't be done, and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that;
  At least no one has ever done it."
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
  And the first thing we knew he'd begun it;

I WILL TALK PROSPERITY INSTEAD OF FAILURE

With the lift of his chin, and a bit of a grin,
  Without any doubting or quiddit;
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
  That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
  There are thousands to prophesy failure,
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,
  The dangers that wait to assail you;
But just buckle right in with a bit of a grin,
  Then take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
  That "cannot be done," and you'll do it!

Edgar A. Guest.

THE WAY TO VICTORY

Say "I will!" an' then stick to it,—
Yes, sir, that's the way to do it.
Nothin's ever won, I guess,
Worth the wishin' fer, unless
One is willin' fer to work,—
Hain't no prizes fer a shirk,—
Fer the Lord, er so they say,
Hates a quitter, anyway.

S'posin' 'at a settin' hen
'D set a little while, an' then
Gallivant erround until
All her eggs had got a chill;

S'pose she'd ever hatch a thing
Underneath her floppin' wing?
She won't do that way, and hence,
Hens, I say, have common sense.

Ez a boy I had to do
Lots o' things I hated to;
Had to work an old concern,
Namely, the old dasher churn;
Didn't never dast to pause
In my path o' duty, cause
Knowed 'at, if I stopped to dream,
Butter'd all go back to cream.

If a ship was 'lowed to go
Every way the winds 'd blow,
Wonder if 't would get erround
To a harbor safe and sound?
Guess it's best fer ship or man
To be guided by a plan.
Choose yer task, an' whisper still,—
Win I must, an' win I will!

—"*L. A. W. Bulletin.*"

COURAGE

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
  And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
  Its tumult and its strife;

I WILL TALK PROSPERITY INSTEAD OF FAILURE

Because I lift my head above the mist,
  Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
By every ray and every raindrop kissed
  That God's love doth bestow;

Think you I find no bitterness at all?
  No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
  Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
  To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve
  God gives me every day.

And each one of these rebellious tears
  Kept bravely back, He makes a rainbow shine;
Grateful I take His slightest gift, no fears
  Nor doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past,
  One golden day redeems a weary year;
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
  Will sound His voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let me be.
  I must be glad and grateful to the end.
I grudge you not your cold and darkness,—me
  The powers of light befriend.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

NEVER LET GO

Oh, do not let go and do not give up
  And do not let down—it is wrong!
There is always a chance of your winning the cup,
  There is always the need of a song.
Never let go, but cling to the end,
  And never let down—lift your eyes
To the hopes that still over us lovingly bend,
  To the light that is filling the skies!

What odds that the struggle is bitter and black,
  That the striving has seemed all in vain;
Never let go and go tumbling back,
  There's a chance for us all once again.
No matter how weary, how troubled and worn,
  How futile the struggle may seem,
There is always a bit of good luck in the morn,
  There is always a light in the dream!

Oh, do not let go—take another firm hold,
  And never go down if you can:
Life's prizes are sweet, but there's far better gold
  In the spirit of being a man.
So stick to the struggle, and trust, and dig on;
  There's a chance for you yet, you will see:
The blackest of nights brings the glow of the dawn
  And the luck that may set us all free.

—*Bentztown Bard.*

Copyrighted by Southern Press Syndicate.

I WILL TALK PROSPERITY INSTEAD OF FAILURE

You are a ruined man, or you are stricken by a great bereavement, or again, you see the fruit of toilsome years perish before your eyes. You cannot rebuild your fortune, raise the dead, recover your lost toil, and in the face of the inevitable, your arms drop. Then you neglect to care for your person, to keep your house, to guide your children. All this is pardonable, and how easy to understand! But it is exceedingly dangerous. To fold one's hands and let things take their course, is to transform one evil into worse. You who think that you have nothing left to lose, will by that very thought lose what you have. Gather up the fragments that remain to you, and keep them with scrupulous care. In good time this little that is yours will be your consolation. The effort made will come to your relief, as the effort missed will turn against you. If nothing but a branch is left for you to cling to, cling to that branch; and if you stand alone in defense of a losing cause, do not throw down your arms to join the rout. After the deluge a few survivors repeopled the earth. The future sometimes rests in a single life as truly as life sometimes hangs by a thread.

—*Charles Wagner.*

The Superior people are never BITTER: If you feel you are a failure, that the world is going to the dogs, that all men are liars, and that there are no good women, it is all quite human, that is the tendency—it is the general slump of the cheap and ordinary mind.

Pessimism is the philosophy of vulgarity. It amounts to dressing up in fine phrases the cowardice of the spirit.

Maeterlinck says that to the hero there is no tragedy. No matter how the world and events conspire against him, he rises above them. Friends may betray, and authorities may tyrannize, and the wicked may triumph, but it all cannot touch him.

Take, for instance, the death of Socrates. As we read the story of how he was poisoned, like a rat in a hole, of his conversation with his friends as his hour approached, and catch the spirit of the old hero, we are surprised to find we are not sorry for him; we envy him; we are sorry for the villains who did him to death.

So we do not pity Jesus on Calvary. We admire and wonder. The more the ferocity and ingratitude and injustice of men beat upon Him, the higher burns the flame of His

imperial spirit. We do not look down upon Him in compassion, we look up and adore.

Neither do we pity them at Marathon, nor those others at Balaklava, nor the marines in the Wood of Belleau. Deep in our hearts we wish we had been there, or had been great enough to want to be there.

Do you, in your little trials, despair and complain? Do you pity yourself, want to go out in the garden and eat worms, and talk theatrically of wondering why you were born, and wish you were dead? Such sentiments are as common as dust in the road, ragweeds in the cow pasture, and empty tin cans in the alley. Then you are just plain Common. And you'd better begin a course of discipline.

But when all things combine to crush and humiliate you, when failure leers at you, and betrayal besmirches you, do you smile and say?

> "In the fell clutch of circumstance
> I have not winced nor cried aloud;
> Beneath the bludgeonings of chance
> My head is bloody—but unbowed."

Then cheer up, friend. You belong. You're a thoroughbred. You have a seat in the real House of Lords of this humanity.

—*Dr. Frank Crane.*

Fortunately, however, the mind takes much longer to grow old than the body, and when the sports of youth or even of middle age fail, a man may turn to one or other of a thousand hobbies, and find in them that mental interest which will give him every day a holiday or period of freedom from worry. Let the man beware, then, who too thoughtlessly permits all his intellectual interests to atrophy, save those which are concerned with his work. Do not let him be caught saying, "I have no time for music nowadays," or for any of a thousand other things. It is an imperative necessity for the average modern man, and is of the nature of an investment for coming years, that he shall persistently cultivate some other mental interest than that with which the worry of the struggle-for-existence is associated. Such a mental interest, though apparently not utilitarian, and though not cultivated for any utilitarian purpose, will yet prove to be a valuable weapon in the struggle-for-existence itself.

—*C. W. Saleeby, M. D.*

I WILL TALK PROSPERITY INSTEAD OF FAILURE

I should like to speak of a class that to-day it is thought quite fitting to treat with the utmost one-sidedness. I mean the rich. Some people think the last word is said when they have stigmatized that infamy, capital. For them, all who possess great fortunes are monsters forged with the blood of the miserable. Others, not so declamatory, persist, however, in confounding riches with egoism and insensibility. Justice should be visited on these errors, be they involuntary or calculated. No doubt there are rich men who concern themselves with nobody else, and others who do good only with ostentation; indeed, we know it too well. But does their inhumanity or hypocrisy take away the value of the good that others do, and that they often hide with a modesty so perfect?

—*Charles Wagner.*

It is astonishing how bugbears side-step when one looks them in the face. Such looks are not denied the blind. We physically sightless can outstare a bugbear with the keenest-sighted of you all. When a bugbear faces you, whether you are physically blind or

physically seeing, glare at him with the eyes of a brave soul and make a rush for him. He will turn tail and run!

—*Helen Keller.*

Copyrighted by Edward Marshall Syndicate.
(From an Interview.)

ONE DAY AT A TIME

One day at a time! That's all it can be;
No faster than that is the hardest fate;
And days have their limits, however we
Begin them too early and stretch them too late.

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme!
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.

One day at a time! Every heart that aches,
Knowing only too well how long they can seem;
But it's never to-day which the spirit breaks—
It's the darkened future without a gleam.

One day at a time! When joy is at height—
Such joy as the heart can never forget—
And pulses are throbbing with wild delight,
How hard to remember that suns must set.

I WILL TALK PROSPERITY INSTEAD OF FAILURE

One day at a time! But a single day,
  Whatever its load, whatever its length;
And that's a bit of precious Scripture to say
  That according to each shall be our strength.

One day at a time! 'Tis the whole of life;
  All sorrow, all joy, are assured therein;
The bound of our purpose, our noblest strife
  The one only countersign sure to win!

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme!
  A good one to live by,
A day at a time.

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

THE WINNING WAY

If you put a little lovin' into all the work you do,
And a little bit of gladness, and a little bit of you,
And a little bit of sweetness, and a little bit of
  song,
Not a day will seem too toilsome; not a day will
  seem too long;
And your work will be attractive, and the world
  will stop to look,
And the world will see a sweetness, like the
  tinklin' of a brook,

In the finished job; and then the world will turn
to look at you
With a world's appreciation of the thing you've
found to do.

Just a little bit of lovin', and a little bit of song,
And some pride to sort of make it straight and
true and clean and strong;
And the work that you're a-doin', pretty near
before you know,
Will have set the world a-talkin', and the little
winds that blow
Will bring echoes of it to you, and you'll see that
you have done
More than you had dreamed or hoped for when
the task was first begun;
And you'll find the bit of lovin' you have put into
the same
Has come back to you in lovin', and come back
to you in fame.

Them that strive for fame shall miss it; and
that's what they ought to do;
But if you put some gladness, and if you put
some of you
In the task that is before you, and you put a bit
of pride
Into it, and you go at it glad of heart and eager-
eyed,
You will find the world is turnin' pretty soon to
look your way,
And you'll find that there's a sweetness in the
tasks of every day;

And the world will see your work and pretty
soon will speak your name;
And you'll find you have found lovin' and you'll
find you have found fame.

—*Houston Post.*

Try the rough water as well as the smooth. Rough water can teach lessons worth knowing.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

I WILL CARRY GOOD NEWS INSTEAD OF BAD NEWS

"Do not leave the sky out of your landscape."

I WILL CARRY GOOD NEWS INSTEAD OF BAD NEWS

It was only a glad "Good Morning"
As she passed along the way;
But it spread the morning's glory
Over the livelong day.

—*Carlotta Perry.*

Touch your lips with gladness and go singing on your way,
Smiles will strangely lighten every duty;
Just a little word of cheer may span a sky of gray
With hope's own heaven-tinted bow of beauty.
Wear a pleasant face wherein shall shine a joyful heart,
As shines the sun, the happy fields adorning;
To every care-beclouded life some ray of light impart
And touch your lips with gladness every morning.

—*Nixon Waterman.*

GLADNESS OF MORNING

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull Night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled Dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow
Through the sweet brier, or the vine
Or the twisted Eglantine.

—*John Milton.*

And I, too, sing the song of all creation,
A brave sky and a glad wind blowing by,
A clear trail and an hour for meditation,
A long day and the joy to make it fly,
A hard task and the muscle to achieve it,
A fierce noon and a well-contented gloam,
A good strife and no great regret to leave it,
A still night—and the far red lights of home.

—*H. H. Bashford.*

I WILL CARRY GOOD NEWS INSTEAD OF BAD NEWS

Live in the sunshine, don't live in the gloom,
Carry some gladness the world to illume,
Live in the brightness, and take this to heart;
The world will seem gayer if you'll do your part,
Live on the housetop, not down in the cell;
Open-air Christians live nobly and well.
Live where the joys are, and, scorning defeat,
Have a good-morrow for all whom you meet.
Live as a victor, and triumphing go
Through this queer world, beating down every foe,
Live in the sunshine, God meant it for you!
Live as the robins, and sing the day through.

—*Margaret Sangster.*

THY MISSION

"There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird wing fleeter;

"There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender,
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor;

"No robin but may thrill some heart,
His dawnlight gladness voicing;
God gives us all some small sweet way
To set the world rejoicing."

JUST WHERE THOU ART

"Just where thou art lift up thy voice,
And sing the song that stirs thy heart;
Reach forth thy strong and eager hand
To lift, to save, just where thou art.
Just where thou standest light thy lamp,
'Tis dark to others as to thee;
Their ways are hedged by unseen thorns,
Their burdens fret as thine fret thee.

"Out yonder, in the broad, full glare
Of many lamps thine own might pale;
And thy sweet song amid the roar
Of many voices slowly fail;
While these thy kindred wandered on,
Uncheered, unlighted, to the end.
Near to thy hand thy mission lies,
Wherever sad hearts need a friend."

CHRISTMAS BELLS

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

And thought how as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Now roll along
The unbroken song
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

I WILL CARRY GOOD NEWS INSTEAD OF BAD NEWS

Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

But in despair I bowed my head—
"There is no peace on earth," I said:
For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Then pealed the bells, more loud and deep,
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
The wrong shall fail;
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men."

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
  Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
  Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
  The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
  Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

I WILL TELL THE CHEERFUL TALE INSTEAD OF THE SAD TALE

"If you have but a word of cheer
Speak it while I am alive to hear."

I WILL TELL THE CHEERFUL TALE INSTEAD OF THE SAD TALE

It is easier to knock a man out with a joke than with a fist-blow, especially if you haven't much height and weight behind your fist. It is the better way, too, for the joke doesn't hurt. Instead of the other man's going in search of an arnica bottle or a pistol or a policeman, he generally hangs about with the hope of getting another blow of the same sort. One needn't be little to try it. Abraham Lincoln had a fist almost as big as the hand of Providence, and as long a reach as John L. Sullivan, but he always used a joke instead, so men who came to growl remained to laugh.

—*Marshall P. Wilder.*

Strange as it may seem, it was an old Scotch elder who said, "The want of a sense of humor is the unpardonable sin." It is true that its absence is almost a sin; for a man's attitude towards life is not wholesome if he be without it. And the humorless state is so hopeless as to be almost unpardonable, the proverbial surgical operation for the purpose of introducing a joke into a hard head not yet having been invented. It is an unpardonable sin; for life in some of its aspects is a jest, and the only righteous and rational attitude of human beings towards life in many of its manifestations is deep, hearty laughter. The sense of humor at its best is one of the deepest things in life. It is a spiritual perception of the vast, incongruous discrepancy which exists between things as they seem and things as they really are. It is not, then, as is so generally supposed, one of the superficial elements of life. It is part of all that is healthiest and noblest in humanity.

—*John Edgar Park.*

I WILL TELL THE CHEERFUL TALE INSTEAD OF THE SAD TALE

Talk happiness! The world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough;
Look for the places that are smooth and clear
And speak of those who rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

AT TABLE

You may breathe a pious blessing,
  Over viands rich and good,
But a blessing with long faces
  Won't assimilate your food;
While a meal of bread and herring,
  With a glass of water clear,
Is a feast if it's accomp'nied,
  With the blessing of good cheer.
  Knowing something funny, tell it;
  Something sad, forget to knell it;
  Something hateful, quick dispel it;
    At the table.

—*Elizabeth H. Francis.*

Smile upon the troubled pilgrims
  Whom you pass and meet;
Frowns are thorns, and smiles are
    blossoms,
  Oft to weary feet.

Do not make the way seem harder
By a sullen face;
Smile a little, smile a little,
Brighten up the place.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

"How dismal you look!" said a bucket to his companion, as they were going to the well.

"Ah!" replied the other, "I was reflecting on the uselessness of our being filled; for let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty."

"Dear me, how strange to look at it in this way! Now I enjoy the thought that however empty we come, we always go away full."

The world doesn't want to know your strife,
The world doesn't want to hear your tale
Of loss and worry—there's a life
Of sunshine in the dewy vale,
Of use and joy and love and cheer,
Of beauty—and it wants to know
Not of the things that make you drear
But of the things that make you glow,
The hope, the trust, the cheerfulness
That comfort you and bless.

—*Bentztown Bard.*

Copyrighted by Southern Press Syndicate.

I WILL TELL THE CHEERFUL TALE INSTEAD OF THE SAD TALE

TALK OF HAPPINESS

Grumble? No; what's the good?
If it availed, I would;
But it doesn't, not a bit,—
Not it.

Laugh? Yes; why not?
'Tis better than crying, a lot;
We were made to be glad,
Not sad.

Sing? Why, yes, to be sure;
We shall better endure
If the heart is full of song
All day long.

—*Joan Somerset.*

SOME OTHER DAY

"Some other day take time to fret;
To-day much work is waiting,
And it will tax your wits to get
It done; so cease berating
The evil chance that makes you strive,
With never cause for crowing,
Or else your worry will deprive
Your toil of any showing.

"Some other day take time to grieve,
For joy is waiting near you;
But if you moan 'twill surely leave,
And harpies come to jeer you.

Put off the tears—on with the smiles!
  Give mirth its jolly inning,
And trust that in life's rich defiles,
  You'll somewhere make a winning.

"Some other day, if not to-day,
  The cares that vex us sadly
Will in the distance fade away,
  And peace dwell with us gladly;
So lift those drooping lips and eyes,
  Good comrade, make profession
Of healthy faith—be wise, be wise!
  Keep up with the procession!"

"Are you worsted in the fight?
        Laugh it off.
  Are you cheated of your right?
        Laugh it off.
  Don't make tragedy of trifles,
  Don't shoot butterflies with rifles—
        Laugh it off.

"Does your work get into kinks?
        Laugh it off.
  Are you near all sorts of brinks?
        Laugh it off.
  If enjoyment you are after,
  There's no receipt like laughter—
        Laugh it off."

I WILL TELL THE CHEERFUL TALE INSTEAD OF THE SAD TALE

"It's curious whut a sight o' good a little
thing will do;
How ye kin stop the fiercest storm when it
begins to brew,
An' take the sting from whut commenced
ter rankle when 'twas spoke
By keepin' still and treatin' it ez if it wuz a
joke;
Ye'll find that ye kin fill a place with smiles
instead o' tears,
An' keep the sunshine gleamin' through the
shadows of the years
By jes' laughin'.

"Folks sometimes fails ter note the possibili-
ties that lie
In the way yer mouth is curvin' and the
twinkle in yer eye;
It ain't so much whut's said that hurts ez
whut ye thinks lies hid.
It ain't so much the doin' ez the way a thing
is did;
An' many a home's kep' happy an' contented
day by day,
An' like ez not a kingdom hez been rescued
from decay
By jes' laughin'."

THE SUNNY SIDE

If you've sowed a pansy seed
  That sprang up a thorn,
And that made your finger bleed
  Where the flesh was torn,
Drop no tears nor wailing sound,
Bind a bandage round the wound.

If you've said a kindly word,
  Or one meant for such,
That when twisted seemed absurd,
  Foolish overmuch,
Do not worry, make a rhyme,
Or keep silent, for a time.

If you've sung a little song
  That you thought was sweet,
But have found that it was wrong,
  Or in sense or feet,
Do not weep at what you've done,
Smile and sing a better one.

If you've had a happy thought,
  Beautiful and good,
That, exprest, was good for naught,
  Or misunderstood,
Do not fret yourself in vain,
Think your happy thought again.

I WILL TELL THE CHEERFUL TALE INSTEAD OF THE SAD TALE

Look upon the sunny side
  Of each word and thought,
And you shall be satisfied,
  You shall lack for naught.
Try to pick till life is done
Fruit that ripens in the sun.

—*Julia Harris May.*

Let us sometimes live—be it only for an hour, and though we must lay all else aside—to make others smile. The sacrifice is only in appearance; no one finds more pleasure for himself than he who knows how, without ostentation, to give himself that he may procure for those around him a moment of forgetfulness and happiness.

When shall we be so simply and truly men as not to obtrude our personal business and distresses upon the people we meet socially? May we not forget for an hour our pretensions, our strife, our distributions into sets and cliques—in short, our "parts," and become as children once more, to laugh again, that good laugh which does so much to make the world better?

—*Charles Wagner.*

We're weary a-walking the highway of life;
We're fretted and fluttered with worry and strife.
Let us drop by the wayside the heavy old load,
And rest at the inn at the turn of the road—
Let us tarry awhile
At "The Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry awhile at "The Sign of the Smile,"
Forget all our griefs in the joys that beguile;
Let us pleasure the noon till it changes to night,
Then up with our loads and we'll find they are light—
Let us tarry awhile
At "The Sign of the Smile."

I WILL MENTION MY BLESSINGS
INSTEAD OF MY BURDENS

"Lest we forget."

I WILL MENTION MY BLESSINGS INSTEAD OF MY BURDENS

"When thou hast thanked thy God
For every blessing sent,
What time will then remain
For murmurs or lament?"

"For what you find in these sweet days
Depends on how you go about it;
A glad heart helps poor eyes to see
What brightest eyes can't see without it.

"One child sees sunlit air and sky,
And bursting leaf buds round and ruddy;
Another looks at his own feet
And only sees that it is muddy."

A HOUSEKEEPER'S TRAGEDY

"One day as I wandered, I heard a complaining
And saw a poor woman, the picture of gloom;
She glanced at the mud on her doorsteps ('twas raining),
And this was her wail as she wielded the broom:

"'Oh, life is a toil, and love is a trouble,
And beauty will fade and riches will flee;
And pleasures they dwindle, and prices they double
And nothing is what I could wish it to be.

"'There's too much of worriment goes to a bonnet;
There's too much of ironing goes to a shirt;
There's nothing that pays for the time you waste on it;
There's nothing that lasts but trouble and dirt.

"'In March it is mud; it's slush in December;
The mid-summer breezes are loaded with dust;
In Fall, the leaves litter; in muggy September
The wall paper rots, and the candlesticks rust.

"'There are worms in the cherries and slugs in the roses,
And ants in the sugar, and mice in the pies.
The rubbish of spiders no mortal supposes,
And ravaging roaches and damaging flies.

"'It's sweeping at six, and dusting at seven;
It's victuals at eight, and dishes at nine;
It's potting and panning from ten to eleven;
We scarce break our fast ere we plan how to dine.

I WILL MENTION MY BLESSINGS INSTEAD OF MY BURDENS

"'With grease and with grime from corner to center,
Forever at war and forever alert,
No rest for a day, lest the evening enter,
I spend my whole life in a struggle with dirt.

"'Last night in my dreams, I was stationed forever
On a bare little isle in the midst of the sea;
My one chance of life was a ceaseless endeavor
To sweep off the waves ere they swept over me.

"'Alas, 'twas no dream! Again I behold it!
I yield; I am helpless my fate to avert!'
She rolled down her sleeves, her apron she folded,
Then lay down and died, and was buried in dirt."

EXTRACT FROM CAPTAIN STORMFIELD'S VISIT TO HEAVEN

We begun to meet swarms of folks who were coming back. Some had harps and nothing else; some had hymn-books and nothing else; some had nothing at all; all of them

looked meek and uncomfortable; one young fellow hadn't anything left but his halo, and he was carrying that in his hand; all of a sudden he offered it to me and says:

"Will you hold it for me a minute?"

Then he disappeared in the crowd. I went on. A woman asked me to hold her palm branch, and then she disappeared. A girl got me to hold her harp for her, and by George, she disappeared; and so on and so on, till I was about loaded down to the guards. Then comes a smiling old gentleman and asked me to hold his things. I swabbed off the perspiration and says, pretty tart:

"I'll have to get you to excuse me, my friend,—I ain't no hat-rack."

About this time I begun to run across piles of those traps, lying in the road. I just quietly dumped my extra cargo along with them. I looked around, and, Peters, that whole nation that was following me were loaded down the same as I'd been. The return crowd had got them to hold their things a minute, you see. They all dumped their loads, too, and we went on.

When I found myself perched on a cloud,

with a million other people, I never felt so good in my life. Says I, "Now this is according to the promises; I've been having my doubts, but now I am in heaven, sure enough." I gave my palm branch a wave or two, for luck, and then I tautened up my harp-strings and struck in. Well, Peters, you can't imagine anything like the row we made. It was grand to listen to, and made a body thrill all over, but there was considerable many tunes going on at once, and that was a drawback to the harmony, you understand; and then there was a lot of Injun tribes, and they kept up such another war-whooping that they kind of took the tuck out of the music. By and by I quit performing, and judged I'd take a rest. There was quite a nice mild old gentleman sitting next me, and I noticed he didn't take a hand; I encouraged him, but he said he was naturally bashful, and was afraid to try before so many people. By and by the old gentleman said he never could seem to enjoy music somehow. The fact was, I was beginning to feel the same way; but I didn't say anything. Him and I had a considerable long silence then, but of course it warn't noticeable in that place. After

about sixteen or seventeen hours, during which I played and sung a little, now and then—always the same tune, because I didn't know any other—I laid down my harp and begun to fan myself with my palm branch. Then we both got to sighing pretty regular. Finally, says he:

"Don't you know any tune but the one you've been pegging at all day?"

"Not another blessed one," says I.

"Don't you reckon you could learn another one?" says he.

"Never," says I; "I've tried to, but I couldn't manage it."

"It's a long time to hang to the one—eternity, you know."

"Don't break my heart," says I; "I'm getting low-spirited enough already."

After another long silence, says he:

"Are you glad to be here?"

Says I, "Old man, I'll be frank with you. This ain't just as near my idea of bliss as I thought it was going to be, when I used to go to church."

Says he, "What do you say to knocking off and calling it half a day?"

"That's me," says I. "I never wanted to get off watch so bad in my life."

So we started. Millions were coming to the cloud-bank all the time, happy and hosannahing; millions were leaving it all the time, looking mighty quiet, I tell you. We laid for the new-comers, and pretty soon I'd got them to hold all my things a minute, and then I was a free man again and most outrageously happy. Just then I ran across old Sam Bartlett, who had been dead a long time, and stopped to have a talk with him. Says I:

"Now tell me—is this to go on forever? Ain't there anything else for a change?"

Says he:

"I'll set you right on that point very quick. People take the figurative language of the Bible and the allegories for literal, and the first thing they ask for when they get here is a halo and a harp, and so on. Nothing that's harmless and reasonable is refused a body here, if he asks it in the right spirit. So they are outfitted with these things without a word. They go and sing and play just about one day, and that's the last you'll ever see them in the choir. They don't need anybody to tell them

that that sort of thing wouldn't make a heaven—at least not a heaven that a sane man could stand a week and remain sane. That cloud-bank is placed where the noise can't disturb the old inhabitants, and so there ain't any harm in letting everybody get up there and cure himself as soon as he comes.

"Now you just remember this—heaven is as blissful and lovely as it can be; but it's just the busiest place you ever heard of. There ain't any idle people here after the first day. Singing hymns and waving palm branches through all eternity is pretty when you hear about it in the pulpit, but it's as poor a way to put in valuable time as a body could contrive. It would just make a heaven of warbling ignoramuses, don't you see? Eternal Rest sounds comforting in the pulpit, too. Well, you try it once, and see how heavy time will hang on your hands. Why, Stormfield, a man like you, that had been active and stirring all his life, would go mad in six months in a heaven where he hadn't anything to do. Heaven is the very last place to come to rest in,—and don't you be afraid to bet on that!"

Says I:

"Sam, I'm as glad to hear it as I thought I'd be sorry. I'm glad I come now."

Says he:

"Cap'n, ain't you pretty physically tired?"

Says I:

"Sam, it ain't any name for it! I'm dog-tired."

"Just so—just so. You've earned a good sleep, and you'll get it. You've earned a good appetite, and you'll enjoy your dinner. It's the same here as it is on earth—you've got to earn a thing, square and honest, before you enjoy it. You can't enjoy first and earn afterwards."

—*Mark Twain.*

WORK

Down and up, and up and down,
  Over and over and over;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown;
  Turn out the bright red clover.
Work, and the sun your work will share,
  And the rain in its time will fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
  And the grace of God through all.

With hand on the spade, and heart in the sky,
  Dress the ground and till it;
Turn in the little seed, brown and dry;
  Turn out the golden millet.
Work, and your house shall be duly fed;
  Work, and the rest shall be won;
I hold that a man had better be dead
  Than alive when his work is done!

Down and up, and up and down,
  High on the hilltop, low in the valley;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown;
  Turn out the rose and lily.
Work with a plan, a well-laid plan,
  And the end always keep in view;
Work, and learn at first hand, like a man;
  The best way to know is to do!

Down and up, till life shall close,
  Ceasing not your praises;
Turn in the wild white winter snows,
  Turn out the sweet, wild daisies.
Work, and the sun your work will share,
  And the rain in its time will fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
  And the grace of God through all.

—*Alice Cary.*

DA COLDA FEET

"Da beggarman across da way
  Ees happy as can be;
He laugh an' weenk baycause he theenk
  He gotta joke on me.

I WILL MENTION MY BLESSINGS INSTEAD OF MY BURDENS

"O my, O my, how cold eet ees
  For stan' on deesa street,
Da weends blow like dey gona freeze
  Da shoes upon your feet.
I nevva see een deesa town
  So fierce da weentra storm;
I keepa hoppin' up an' down
  For mak' my feeta warm.
But beggarman across da way
  He stan' against da wall,
So like eet was a summer day;
  He ees no cold at all.
Ees justa box een fronta heem
  For hold hees teenna cup,
But he bayhava so eet seem
  A stove for warm heem up.
An' evra time he look an' see
  How colda man am I,
He justa weenk an' laugh at me
  So like he gona die.
An' so I leave dees fruita stan'
  An' walka 'cross da street
For see how ees dees beggarman
  Can keep so warma feet.
I look an' dere I see da legs
  Dat prop heem by da wall
Ees notheeng more dan wooden pegs—
  He got no feet at all.

"Eef colda feet should mak' you swear
  An' growl so bad as me,
I bat your life you would no care
  So mooch eef you could see

Da beggarman across da way,
  So happy as can be,
Dat laugh an' weenk baycause he theenk
  He gotta joke on me."

—*T. A. Daly.*

But in the course of time a town-pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place, and then another and still another, till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink and be refreshed. The water is as pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red sagamore beneath the aged boughs. . . . Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind. . . . From my spout and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water—the Town-Pump and the Cow. Such is the glorious copartnership that shall tear down the distilleries and brewhouses, uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider-presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, and

finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched where her squalid form may shelter herself. Then disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw its own heart and die.

—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

Blindness? I am what the world calls blind but I deny that I am blind and I declare that there need be no such thing as blindness.

The most brilliant vision is the vision of the spirit and no mishap of war or peace can take that from us if we, ourselves, refuse to let it go.

The only actual darkness, and I say this very solemnly, is that of ignorance and insincerity. The aviator takes a bird's eye view of the world he flies above, and is glad—he feels free, exalted; the blinded can do more than that—they can take a soul's eye view of life itself and gain a freedom even greater, an exaltation even more soul-stirring than the most daring aviator.

—*Helen Keller.*

Copyrighted by Edward Marshall Syndicate.
(From an Interview.)

Never despair in the fairy-story of your life; anything may happen. In the end the best is truest. This is the good news of religion. It is a message of hope. Do not despair over the dark experience which has come into your life. Suddenly, after years, the terrible dragon which has kept you in fearful bondage and trembling so long is touched by the wand of time, of forgiveness, of new insight, and it becomes a fairy-prince golden and glorious, ready to conduct you into a new world.

Your kitchen and your pumpkin? Who knows what they may become if only touched by religion's magic wand? Your narrow home may become a Bethel, the very house of God, the very gate of heaven.

—*John Edgar Park.*

We live in the sublime. Where else can we live? That is the only place of life. And if aught be lacking, it is not the chance of living in heaven, rather is it watchfulness and meditation, also perhaps a little ecstasy of soul. Though you have but a little room, do you fancy that God is not there, too, and that it is impossible to live therein a life that shall be somewhat lofty? If you complain of being

alone, of the absence of events, of loving no one and being unloved, do you think that the words are true? Do you imagine that one can possibly be alone? . . . Cannot a living thought—proud or humble, it matters not; so it come from your soul, it is great for you—cannot a lofty desire, or simply a moment of solemn watchfulness to life, enter a little room? And if you love not, or are unloved, and can yet see with some depth of insight that thousands of things are beautiful, that the soul is great and life almost unspeakably earnest, is that not as beautiful as though you loved or were loved? . . . All that happens to us is divinely great, and we are always in the centre of a great world. But we must accustom ourselves to live like an angel who has just sprung to life.

—*Maurice Maeterlinck.*

From "The Treasure of the Humble."

EVERY-DAY THANKS

Haste not, dear heart, too fast and far
  To reaping days,
To find what gifts and treasures are
  Meet for thy praise,
Nor wait, as thou hast done, to sing
Thy sweetest thanks at harvesting.

Just at thy gate a garden blooms
  With life and song,
And in the fields a thousand looms
  Hum all day long.
Lo! all these golden summer days
No toiling vale its thanks delays.

Be glad to-day, dear heart, for all
  Each season gives.
Let come what may to speed the fall,—
  The present lives.
No creature hath one reason why
A thankless day should hurry by.

—*Frank Walcott Hutt.*

There was a man who smiled
Because the day was bright;
Because he slept at night;
Because God gave him sight
To gaze upon his child!
Because his little one
Could leap and laugh and run;
Because the distant sun
Smiled on the earth, he smiled.

He toiled and still was glad
Because the air was free;
Because he loved, and she
That claimed his love and he
Shared all the joys they had!

I WILL MENTION MY BLESSINGS INSTEAD OF MY BURDENS

Because the grasses grew;
Because the sweet wind blew;
Because that he could hew
And hammer, he was glad.

—*E. S. Kiser.*

LIVING

"How to make lives worth living?"
The question haunts us every day;
It colors the first blush of sunrise,
It deepens the twilight's last ray.
There is nothing that brings us drearier pain
Than the thought "We have lived, we are living, in vain."

We need each and all to be needed,
To feel we have something to give
Towards soothing the moan of earth's hunger;
And we know that then only we live
When we feed one another as we have been fed
From the hand that gives body and spirit their bread.

Our lives, they are well worth the living
When we lose our small selves on the whole,
And feel the strong surges of being
Throb through us, one heart and one soul.
Eternity bears up each honest endeavor;
The life lost for love is life saved forever.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

THE EARTH AND MAN

A little sun, a little rain,
  A soft wind blowing from the west—
And woods and fields are sweet again,
  And warmth within the mountain's breast.

So simple is the earth we tread,
  So quick with love and life her frame;
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
  And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
  A soft impulse, a sudden dream—
And life as dry as desert dust
  Is fresher than a mountain stream.

So simple is the heart of man,
  So ready for new hope and joy!
Ten thousand years since it began
  Have left it younger than a boy.

—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

THREE OLD SAWS

If the world seems cold to you
  Kindle fires to warm it;
Let their comfort hide from view
  Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
  To that radiance gather:
You will soon forget to moan
  "Ah, the cheerless weather!"

I WILL MENTION MY BLESSINGS INSTEAD OF MY BURDENS

If the world's a wilderness,
  Go, build houses in it.
Will it help your loneliness
  On the winds to din it?
Raise a hut, however slight;
  Weeds and brambles smother;
And to roof and meal invite
  Some forlorner brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
  Smile, till rainbows span it.
Breathe the love that life endears,
  Clear of clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
  Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark Sorrow's stream
  Blends with Hope's bright river.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

BEAUTY

There are times in our lives when we seem to go singing on our way, and when the beauty of the world sets itself like a quiet harmony to the song we uplift. . . . I would have all busy people make times in their lives when they should try to be alone with nature and their own hearts. They should try to realize the quiet unwearying life that manifests itself in field and wood. They should wander alone

in solitary places, where the hazel-hidden stream makes music, and the bird sings out of the heart of the forest; in the meadows where the flowers grow brightly, or through the copse, purple with bluebells or starred with anemones; or they may climb the crisp turf of the down, and see the wonderful world spread out beneath their feet, with some clustering town "smouldering and glittering" in the distance; or lie upon the cliff-top, with the fields of waving wheat behind, and the sea spread out like a wrinkled marble floor in front; or walk on the sand beside the falling waves. . . . A man who does not wish to do these things is shutting one of the doors of his spirit, a door through which many sweet and true things come in.

—*Arthur C. Benson.*

From "From A College Window."

ART

A thought, a scene of beauty comes home with an irresistible sense of power and meaning to the mind or eye. For God to have devised the pale liquid green of the enamelled evening sky, to have set the dark forms of trees against

it, and to have hung a star in the thickening gloom—to have done this, and to see that it is good, seems in certain moods, to be the dearest work of the Divine mind; and the desire to express it, to speak simply of the sight, and of the joy that it arouses, comes upon the mind with a sweet agony, an irresistible spell; life would seem to have been well spent if one had only caught a few such imperishable ecstasies, and written them down in a record that might convey the same joy to others. . . . Life can be made, with little effort, into a beautiful thing; the real ugliness . . . consists not in its conditions, not in good or bad fortune, not in joy or sorrow, not in health or illness, but upon the perceptive attitude of mind which we can apply to all experiences.

—*Arthur C. Benson.*

From "From A College Window."

MUSIC

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds;
And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.

—*Cowper.*

MUSIC

In the physical man, music will relieve pains, improve the digestive functions, stimulate the organs, strengthen the lungs, give grace to the movements, relieve laziness, youthify the old, overcome insomnia. In the mental man, music will soothe the insane, calm the violent, rouse the melancholy, act as a prod to the slow-minded, stir the imagination (especially in children), unearth the poet, musician, sculptor, writer.

In the spiritual man, music will change morals, strengthen patriotism, loyalty, family love, business sincerity. . . . Your body is nothing but a great big storage battery which either is stored with energy or is as a dried-up can without enough life to sputter at the call of the negative pole. Everything which serves to add to the stored up energy of your system is good for you. Quite outside of any æsthetic values in listening to music, there is the vitalizing influence which is possessed to a remarkable degree. Properly listened to, music makes tired, weary bodies lose their enervated state and become normal. A night at the opera is a glorious electrical bath. Join

a community chorus if you can, and if you can't, sing by yourself.

—*Charles D. Isaacson, in "Physical Culture."*

Oh for a booke and a shadie nooke,
Eyther in doore or out;
With the grene leaves whispering overhead
Or the streete cryes all about.
Where I maie reade all at my ease,
Both of the newe and old;
For a jollie booke whereon to look,
Is better to me than golde.

—*Old English Song.*

Wings have we,—as far as we can go
We may find pleasure: wilderness and wood,
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood
Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.
Dreams, books, are each a world; and books we know
Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

—*William Wordsworth.*

But I think as one grows older one may take out a license, so to speak, to read less. One may go back to the old restful books, where one knows the characters well, hear the old remarks, survey the same scenes. One may meditate more upon one's stores, stroll about more, just looking at life, seeing the quiet things that are happening, and beaming through one's spectacles.

Yes, the old books are a tender-hearted and joyful company.

—*Arthur C. Benson.*

From "From A College Window."

Do I smile?
Does my face show my joy in spite of all effort to conceal it?
And you cannot guess my good fortune?
No; I have not picked up a purse, nor inherited an estate, nor won a race, nor had a manuscript accepted.
I have only found a friend.
I have spun another golden thread out of my heart to bind me to my fellows.

—*Ernest Crosby.*

I WILL MENTION MY BLESSINGS INSTEAD OF MY BURDENS

FRIENDSHIP

A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs,
The world uncertain comes and goes;
The lover rooted stays.
I fancied he was fled,—
And, after many a year,
Glowed unexhausted kindliness,
Like daily sunrise there.
My careful heart was free again,
O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red;
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth.
The will-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me too thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

A FRIEND

Life offers no joy like a friend;
  Fulfilment and prophecy blend
In the throb of a heart with its own,—
A heart where we know and are known.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

LEST WE FORGET

Lest we forget who it is that rises morning after morning, the whole year through, and goes to his labor, let us sometimes recall the long, daily procession of men, from those with the shovel and dinner-pail who travel on foot, to the merchants, the professional men and the statesmen who ride to their day's work in their automobiles. The occupation may be different, the means of conveyance different, and the recompense widely different; but one common purpose actuates them, and binds them together into a noble fraternity. Somewhere there is waiting a little woman with her children, a father or mother or sister; it may be in the one attic room, or in the palace, but it is home, and for this home will the man toil and sacrifice, if need be, as long as he has strength.

There is something exceedingly fine and touching about this every-day existence of our men, something that dignifies life and dignifies labor and commands our highest respect. What a wealth of unwritten history it represents—struggle, weariness, tragedy, defeat, poetry, victory, and glory. Each has a special burden which few of the others suspect; for it

is a part of their splendid game of life to appear contented and prosperous, come what may.

We women appreciate these generous-hearted men, and we will do the sweet and tender things for them now, while they are ours. We will labor with them, weep with them, smile with them, aspire with them, and develop with them.

—*Blanche E. Herbert.*

But when a crony takes your hand
  At parting to address you,
He drops all foreign lingo, and
  He says, "Good-bye, God bless you!"

. . . . . .

And all day long with pleasing song
  It lingers to caress you.
I'm sure no human heart goes wrong
  That's told, "Good-bye, God bless you."

—*Eugene Field.*

From "The Poems of Eugene Field;" copyrighted, 1910, by Julia Sutherland Field; published by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

A LOVE SONG

Who cares for winter wild without,
  Who cares for frost and snow,
When all the one he thinks about,
  Is where the roses grow?
Her smiles are sweet as sunshine bright;
  Her eyes like heaven's own blue;
She fills for me the world with light—
  Because she's dear and true!

Who cares for winds that bitter blow,
  For sleet or stinging rain,
When he at heart doth surely know—
  His love gives love again?
Her whispers are like leaves attune,
  With wonder of the wind;
Her very presence sweet as June—
  Enchanting heart and mind!

—*William Brunton.*

LIKE A LAVEROCK IN THE LIFT

It's we two, it's we two for aye,
All the world, and we two, and Heaven be our stay!
Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
All the world was Adam once, with Eve by his side.

I WILL MENTION MY BLESSINGS INSTEAD OF MY BURDENS

What's the world, my lass, my love! what can
it do?
I am thine, and thou art mine; life is sweet and
new.
If the world have missed the mark, let it stand
by;
For we two have gotten leave, and once more
will try.

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
It's we two, it's we two, happy side by side.
Take a kiss from me, thy man; now the song
begins:
"All is made afresh for us, and the brave heart
wins."

When the darker days come, and no sun will
shine,
Thou shalt dry my tears, lass, and I'll dry thine.
It's we two, it's we two, while the world's away,
Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding
day.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

HER WAY

Eyes? Well, no, her eyes ain't much;
Guess you seen a lot o' such—
Sort o' small an' bluey-gray.
'T ain't her eyes—it's jest her *way.*

Hair ain't black, ner even brown;
Got no gold upon her crown;
Sort o' ashy, I should say.
'T ain't her hair—it's jest her *way.*

'T ain't her mouth—her mouth is wide,
Sort o' runs from side to side;
See 'em better ev'ry day.
'T ain't her mouth—it's jest her *way.*

Nose I reckon's nothin' great,
Couldn't even swear it's straight;
'Fact, I feel I'm free to say
'T ain't her nose—it's jest her *way.*

Love her? Well, I guess I do!
Love her mighty fond and true;
Love her better ev'ry day;
Dunno why—it's jest her *way.*

—*Elisabeth Sylvester.*

How many summers, Love,
  Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
  Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the winged wind
  When 't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
  To count the hours.

I WILL MENTION MY BLESSINGS INSTEAD OF MY BURDENS

Some weight of thought, though loth,
  On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
  Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears—a soft regret
  For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;
  All else is flown.

Ah! with what thankless heart
  I mourn and sing!
Look where our children start,
  Like sudden Spring!
With tongues all sweet and low,
  Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
  To thee and Time!

—*Bryan W. Procter.*

IT IS VERY COMFORTIN'

It is very comfortin',
When your hair is getting thin,
And the crow feet in your eyes have come to
  stay,
Just to feel her little hand
Smoothin' back each silver strand,
While you meet her lovin' look and hear her
  say—

"My dear, it seems as tho'
Every year you live you grow
Handsomer than in the olden days."
Then you look up at your wife
And you think in all your life
You never heard a sweeter word of praise.

But the tear-drops will arise
To your dim old fadin' eyes,
And you kiss the gentle hand, still white and small;
While you try to tell her how
You loved her then—love her now;
But bless me if the words will come at all;
For just then there comes to you
The trials she's gone thro',
And borne without a murmur for your sake;
You can only bow your head
At the lovin' things she's said,
While your poor old heart will only ache and ache.

But she knows what ails you then,
And she kisses you again,
While you hear her gently whisper, sweet and low,
"Life has brought more hopes than fears,
We have known more smiles than tears,
And the years seem ever brighter as they go."
Yes, 'tis comfortin', you know,
When your step is gettin' slow

I WILL MENTION MY BLESSINGS INSTEAD OF MY BURDENS

And you're slidin' down life's hill a'mighty
fast
Just to feel her little hand
Smoothin' back each silver strand,
While she tells you that she'll love you to
the last.

—*Los Angeles Herald.*

SWEETHEARTS ALWAYS

If sweethearts were sweethearts always,
Whether as maid or wife,
No drop would be half so pleasant
In the mingled draught of life.

But the sweetheart has smiles and blushes,
While the wife has frowns and sighs,
And the wife's have a wrathful glitter
For the glow of the sweetheart's eyes.

If lovers were lovers always,
The same to sweetheart and wife,
Who would change for a future of Eden
The joys of this checkered life?

But husbands grow grave and silent,
And care on the anxious brow
Oft replaces the sunshine that perished
With the words of the marriage vow.

Happy is he whose sweetheart
Is wife and sweetheart still,
Whose voice, as of old, can charm him;
Whose kiss, as of old, can thrill;

Who has plucked the rose to find ever
  Its beauty and fragrance increase,
As the flush of passion is mellowed
  In love's unmeasured peace;

Who sees in the step a lightness;
  Who finds in the form a grace;
Who reads an unaltered brightness
  In the witchery of the face,

Undimmed and unchanged. Ah, happy
  Is he crowned with such a life!
Who drinks the wife pledging the sweetheart,
  And toasts in the sweetheart the wife.

—*Domestic Monthly.*

"There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest;
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home."

DREAMING OF HOME

It comes to me often in silence
  When the firelight sputters low—
When the black, uncertain shadows
  Seem wraiths of the long ago;

I WILL MENTION MY BLESSINGS INSTEAD OF MY BURDENS

Always with a throb of heartache
  That thrills each pulsive vein,
Comes the old, unquiet longing
  For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of cities,
  And of faces cold and strange;
I know where there's warmth of welcome,
  And my yearning fancies range
Back to the dear old homestead
  With an aching sense of pain,
But there'll be joy in the coming
  When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music
  That may never die away,
And it seems that the hands of angels
  On a mystic heart at play
Have touched with a yearning sadness
  On a beautiful, broken strain,
To which is my fond heart wording—
  When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window
  Is the great world's crash and din,
And slowly the autumn shadows
  Come drifting, drifting in.
Sobbing, the night wind murmurs
  To the splash of the autumn rain.
But I dream of the glorious greeting
  When I go home again.

—*Eugene Field.*

From "The Poems of Eugene Field;" copyrighted, 1910, by Julia Sutherland Field; published by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

THE RETURN TO THE OLD TOWN

O the little old town that I left one day,
Because it was quiet, still
Has the name that it had when I went away,
And stands on the same old hill;
But the ones that were dear in the little old town,
With its one wide street running up and down,
Have ceased to sit on the porches where
The roses were trained to climb;
They have ceased to sew and to whittle there,
As they did in the dear old time.

The little old church with its wooden sheds
Still stands as it stood of yore;
But the ones who knelt and who bowed their heads
Are worshipping there no more!
And the little old school where I carved my name
On the home-made desk stands just the same—
But the boys who are batting the ball to-day
And the little maids, fair and free,
Are not the children who used to play
On the common there with me!

The little old house, so dear, so dear,
Stands just where it used to stand;
But not for many and many a year
Has the latch obeyed her hand—

I WILL MENTION MY BLESSINGS INSTEAD OF MY BURDENS

The hand in which my hand was laid
When my first few faltering steps were
made—
And in the little parlor there,
O'erlooking the little lawn,
Another sits in her easy chair,
And hears the clock tick on.

O the little old town that I left one day
Because it was quiet and still
Has the name that it had when I went away,
And stands on the same old hill;
But the friends that I've travelled "back
home" to see
Are gone, or else are but strangers to me,
And over the doors of the little old stores
Are names that I never knew,
And the dream that was dear of the "old
home" here
Can never, alas, come true!

—*S. E. Kiser.*

WHEN DE CO'N PONE'S HOT

"Dey is times in life when Nature
Seems to slip a cog an' go,
Jes' a rattlin' down creation,
Lak an ocean's overflow;
When de worl' jes' stahts a-spinnin'
Lak a picaninny's top,
An' yo' cup o' joy is brimmin'
'Twel it seems about to slop.

An' yo' feel jes' lak a racah,
  Dat is trainin' fu' to trot —
When yo' mammy ses de blessin'
  An' de co'n pone's hot.

"When you set down at de table,
  Kin' o' weary lak an' sad,
An' you'se jes' a little tiahed
  An' purhaps a little mad;
How yo' gloom tu'ns into gladness,
  How yo' joy drives out de doubt
When de oven do' is opened,
  An' de smell comes po'in' out;
Why, de 'lectric light o' Heaven
  Seems to settle on de spot,
When yo' mammy ses de blessin'
  An' de co'n pone's hot.

"When de cabbage pot is steamin'
  An' de bacon good an' fat,
When de chittlin's is a-sputter'n'
  So's to show you whah dey's at,
Take away yo' sody biscuit,
  Take away yo' cake an' pie,
Fu' de glory time is comin',
  An' it's 'proachin' very nigh,
An' you want to jump an' hollah,
  Do' you know you'd bettah not,
When yo' mammy ses de blessin'
  An' de co'n pone's hot.

"I have heerd o' lots o' sermons,
  An' I've heerd o' lots o' prayers;
An' I've listened to some singin'
  Dat has tuk me up de stairs

I WILL MENTION MY BLESSINGS INSTEAD OF MY BURDENS

Of de Glory-Lan' an' set me
  Jes' below de Mahster's th'one
An' have lef' my hawt a-singin'
  In a happy aftah tone.
But dem wu'ds so sweetly murmured
  Seem to tech de softes' spot,
When my mammy ses de blessin',
  An' de co'n pone's hot."

MY MOTHER

"Some one I love comes back to me
With every gentle face I see;
Beneath each wave of soft gray hair
I seem to see my mother there.
With every kindly glance and word,
It seems as if I must have heard
Her speak, and felt her tender gaze
With all the love of olden days.
And I am moved to take her hand
And tell her, now I understand
How tired she grew beneath the strain
Of feeling every loved one's pain.
No further burdens could she bear;
The promise of that land more fair
Alone could tempt her from her child;
And now, if I could keep her here,
No sacrifice could be too dear,
No tempered winds for her too mild.

"Then I would smooth and kiss her face,
And by her side take my old place,
And sob my years and cares away.
The tears I have so long repressed
Would lose their ache upon her breast;
I think if I could feel her touch
Once more, it would not matter much
How sunny or how dark the day."

ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight
Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore.
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair,
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

"Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

—*Elizabeth Akers.*

HOME, SWEET HOME

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may
roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us
there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met
with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home; there's no place
like home.

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's
smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and be-
guile.
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to
roam,
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of
home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of
home.

To thee I'll return, over-burdened with care.
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me
there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
home.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home; there's no place
like home.

—*John Howard Payne.*

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred their hearts in youth,
The impulses to wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth;
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
A kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves a friend indeed;
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,
When justice threatens high
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss;
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips have
met—
These things shall never die.

I WILL MENTION MY BLESSINGS INSTEAD OF MY BURDENS

Let nothing pass, for every hand
  Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
  Be firm and just and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade
  Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee—
  These things shall never die.

—*Charles Dickens.*

MEMORY

"There's not a heath, however rude,
  But hath some little flower
To brighten up its solitude
  And scent the evening hour.

"There's not a heart, however cast
  By grief or sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past
  To love and call its own."

A PETITION

Let me get not far from the common road,
  With, all around me, the common things;
Let me feel the nip of the Winter's cold;
  The quiver and stir of budding Springs;
The Summer's heat and the Autumn's lull;
  And a sense of the old world beautiful.

Let me hear the children about the house—
  No sermon so great in all the land—
Let me greet the glance of an earnest eye,
  The cheerful clasp of a toiling hand.
Let me linger where throbs the heart of life,
  And where hope and valor mark the strife.

Let me find true rest in weariness;
  Let me know the worth of the grime of things;
And face, clear-eyed, the struggling days
  That come with bruises, but not with stings.
The Just One ruleth this Vast Estate;
  Shall I count that little which He makes great?

—*Julian A. DuBois.*

THE SWEET OF THE SONG

Disappointments are many and deep,
But under the shadows the sunbeams sleep,
And only be patient, the morning will bring
That old, ineffable, beautiful thing—
The waking of joy from its little gloom,
And the bursting of life into fresher bloom.

We think our fortunes are evil and drear,
But love still smiles through the darkest tear,
And laughter is waiting to ring and leap
Whenever the shadows begin to creep
Slowly and sweetly away again
And we come forth braver and better men.

I WILL MENTION MY BLESSINGS INSTEAD OF MY BURDENS

Sometimes sadness will seize us all,
And spirits of gladness begin to fall;
But love so patient and sweet and true
Brushes the clouds from the skies of blue,
And laughter and beauty come back to the
song,
And I cannot be downcast very long.

—*Bentztown Bard.*

Copyrighted by Southern Press Syndicate.

"Teach me, O star of night,
With modest, steady light,
Obedient, glad, to go the way
From which God bids me not to stay;
Teach me, O star of night!

"Teach me, O flowers of night,
To wait for summer bright,
And in the midst of earth's deep woe
To sprout beneath the winter's snow
Teach me, O flowers of night!

"Teach me, thou verdant wood,
To shelter if I could
Each being, friend or foe, whose face
I meet in treading earth's great race;
Teach me, thou verdant wood!

"Ye ocean waves so fair,
Teach me my yoke to bear,
And, like you, when day's voices cease
Reflect a thought of heavenly peace
Teach me, ye waves so fair!

"O sun, at cool of even
Show me the way to heaven;
Teach me to find in earth's dark night
The promise of eternal light;
Teach me, O sun, at even!"

BIDE A WEE AND DINNA FRET

Is the road very dreary?
Patience yet.
Rest will be sweeter if thou art a-weary,
And after night cometh the morning cheery;
Then bide a wee and dinna fret.

The clouds have silver lining,
Don't forget.
And though he's hidden, still the sun is shining;
Courage! instead of tears and vain repining,
Just bide a wee and dinna fret.

With toil and cares unending
Art beset?
Bethink thee how the storms, from heaven descending,
Snap the stiff oak, but spare the willow bending,
And bide a wee and dinna fret.

I WILL MENTION MY BLESSINGS INSTEAD OF MY BURDENS

Grief sharper sting doth borrow
  From regret;
But yesterday is gone, and shall its sorrow
Unfit us for the present and the morrow?
  Nay; bide a wee and dinna fret.

An over-anxious brooding
  Doth beget
A host of fears and fantasies deluding;
Then, brother, lest these torments be intruding,
  Just bide a wee and dinna fret.

—*Every Other Saturday.*

A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR

Forget! for why remember
  The wrongs of yesterday?
Perchance kind words were spoken
  To heal the breach to-day;
Then let the past forever be
A blank leaf in thy memory.

Forget the Old Year's failings,
  The New will have its share;
Each one will find that haply
  He hath enough to bear
Without the memory of the wrong
That to the Old Year doth belong.

"Let bygones be bygones"—for why
  Should thoughts that gender strife
Be nourished in the bosoms—
  That but embitter life?
And fill this world, that else, were fair,
With scenes of sorrow, strife, and care?

Forgive! for why should we withhold
  The blessings that we need,
Or let an erring brother
  In vain for mercy plead?
Oh! cold must be the hearts, and rare,
That could reject the suppliant prayer.

Forgive! for Time's swift pinions
  Are bearing us along,
And few may be our moments
  To do or suffer wrong;
Then let us, while the power is given,
Forgive, as we would be forgiven!

—*Finley Johnson.*

A BIT OF ADVICE

Don't cover your cross with prickles.
  It is hard enough to bear,
It needs all your courage to carry
  And not a bit to spare.
So take it as it is given,
  And add no care nor fret,
For under the goad the heaviest load
  Weighs tenfold heavier yet.

I WILL MENTION MY BLESSINGS INSTEAD OF MY BURDENS

Don't cover your cross with prickles.
  What use are worry and tears?
They only cripple the spirit,
  They only darken the years.
No; take up your burden bravely,
  And it will surely grow
More light each day, as along life's way,
  Your steadfast footsteps go.

—*Priscilla Leonard.*

THE STARS

I lay at my ease in my little boat,
  Fast moored to the shores of the pond,
And looked up through the trees that swayed in the breeze
  At God's own sky beyond.

And I thought of the want and the sin in the world,
  And the pain and grief they bring,
And I marvelled at God for spreading abroad
  Such sorrow and suffering.

Evening came creeping over the earth,
  And the sky grew dim and gray,
And faded from sight, and I grumbled at night
  For stealing my sky away.

Then out of the dark just the speck of a face
  Peeped forth from its window bars,
And I laughed to see it smile at me;
  I had not thought of the stars!

There are millions of loving thoughts and deeds
  All ripe for awakening,
That never could start from the world's cold heart
  But for sorrow and suffering.

Yes, the blackening night, it is sombre and cold,
  And the day was warm and fine;
And yet if the day never faded away,
  The stars would never shine!

—*Robert Beverly Hale*

"O don't be sorrowful, darling!
  Now don't be sorrowful, pray;
For taking the year together, my dear,
  There isn't more night than day.
It's rainy weather, my loved one;
  Time's wheels they heavily run;
But taking the year together, my dear,
  There isn't more cloud than sun."

In the still air the music lies unheard;
  In the rough marble beauty hides unseen;
To make the music and the beauty, needs
  The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

I WILL MENTION MY BLESSINGS INSTEAD OF MY BURDENS

Great Master, touch us with Thy skilful hand:
  Let not the music that is in us die!
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,
  Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie!

—*Horatio Bonar.*

O heart of mine, we shouldn't worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
    have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
    If it blow!

For we know, not every morrow can be
    sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
    We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our childish tears,
And through all the coming years,
    Just be glad.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

ENDURANCE

How much the heart may bear, and yet not
    break!
  How much the flesh may suffer, and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
  Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
Death chooses his own time; till that is worn,
  All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife;
  Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life;
  Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
  This, also, can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
  And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape—we weep and pray—
  But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still,
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
  But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life—
  We hold it closer, dearer than our own—
Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,
  Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone;
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn—
  This, also, can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things—famine, thirst,
  Bereavement, pain! all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its most
  On soul and body—but we cannot die,
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn;
  Lo! all things can be borne.

—*Elizabeth Akers.*

I WILL MENTION MY BLESSINGS INSTEAD OF MY BURDENS

"If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain,
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain—
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take,
And stab my spirit broad awake."

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

A PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

I thank Thee for the blue of the sky, the sunshine and the sweetness of the air. I thank Thee for the dark days and the storms, for they heighten my appreciation of the sunshine, the calm and the peace when they are mine.

I thank Thee for work that keeps we wholesomely occupied from morning until night. I thank Thee for comforts and joys; and I pray Thee to help me to make the most of them while they are mine.

I thank Thee for disappointments, for they make me thoughtful, and through them I am led to understand what are the real values and essentials of life. I thank Thee for sorrows,

for from the depths of woe I have learned to cry unto Thee—a blessing which I might have missed had I always been happy. I thank Thee for pain, failure and want, for through them I am cleansed of self, my mind and heart are enlarged, my insight is deepened, and I am thus enabled to be a more discerning and sympathetic friend and neighbor. These every-day blessings and experiences—they are all mine.

I pray Thee to increase my power to suffer in silence that I may not add to the woes of others, and to help me to smile and carry a cheerful voice that I may add a few more rays of sunshine to the brightness of the day.

—Blanche E. Herbert.

AN EVENING PRAYER

We beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us with favor, folk of many families and nations, gathered together in the peace of this roof. Be patient still; suffer us a while longer to endure, and (if it may be) help us to do better. Bless to us our extraordinary mercies. Bless our friends; be with ourselves. Go with each of

us to rest. If any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns to us, call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts—eager to labor—eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion—and if the day be marked for sorrow—strong to endure it.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

"For the world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew,
And the dew is full of heavenly love that drips for me and you."

I WILL SPEAK OF THE SUNSHINE OF YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW INSTEAD OF THE CLOUDS OF TO-DAY

"The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud."

I WILL SPEAK OF THE SUNSHINE OF YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW INSTEAD OF THE CLOUDS OF TO-DAY

All sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

It ain't no use to grumble and complain,
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
Why, rain's my choice.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

DAME NATURE'S RECIPE

Take a dozen little clouds
And a patch of blue;
Take a million raindrops,
As many sunbeams, too.

Take a host of violets,
  A wandering little breeze,
And myriads of little leaves
  Dancing on the trees.

Then mix them well together,
  In the very quickest way,
Showers and sunshine, birds and flowers,
  And you'll have an April day.

—*Rachel G. Smith.*

SUMMER RAIN

Pell! mell! comes the rushing rain,
The sad little brook laughs loud again.
The thirsty leaves on the great elm-tree
Drink up their portion thankfully.

There's a stir of joy in the garden-place;
Almost a smile on the pansy's face;
And I seem to hear a red rose say,
How glad I am that it rains to-day!

Down in a hollow in the path
Little Brown Sparrow is taking a bath,
And the pool in the yard is in perfect trim
For the baby ducks to have a swim.

Down fall the bright drops, tink-a-link!
A robin hastens to get a drink.
Through the flooded street, with a shout of joy,
And a splash and a dash, goes a barefooted boy.

I WILL SPEAK OF THE SUNSHINE INSTEAD OF THE CLOUDS

Soft, soft, comes the gentle rain;
The faded earth is bright again;
And hark! the joyous children cry,
A rainbow! A rainbow in the sky!

—*Mary F. Butts.*

There can be no very black melancholy to him who lives in the midst of Nature and has his senses still. There was never yet such a storm but it was Æolian music to a healthy and innocent ear. Nothing can rightly compel a simple and brave man to a vulgar sadness. While I enjoy the friendship of the seasons I trust that nothing can make life a burden to me. The gentle rain which waters my beans and keeps me in the house to-day is not drear and melancholy, but good for me too. Though it prevents my hoeing them, it is of far more worth than my hoeing. If it should continue so long as to cause the seeds to rot in the ground and destroy the potatoes in the lowlands, it would still be good for the grass on the uplands, and, being good for the grass, it would be good for me.

—*Henry D. Thoreau.*

"It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.

"The clouds of gray engulf the day
And overwhelm the town;
It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

"It is not raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
Can find a bed and room.

"A health unto the happy,
A fig for him who frets!
It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining violets!"

Just whistle a bit if the day be dark
And the sky be overcast.
If mute be the voice of the piping lark,
Why, pipe your own small blast.

And it's wonderful how o'er the gray sky-track,
The truant warbler comes stealing back.
But why need he come? for your soul's at rest,
And the song in the heart,—ah, that is the best.

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*

I WILL SPEAK OF THE SUNSHINE INSTEAD OF THE CLOUDS

"Each gift is as we use it:
Each place its cloud must share.
Except as we refuse it
There's sunshine everywhere."

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear;
There is ever a something sings always;
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear
And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.
The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
And in and out when the eaves drip rain,
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark, or fair,
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
There is ever a song somewhere!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

I know of no nobler forage ground for a romantic, venturesome, mischievous boy, than the garret of an old family mansion, on a day of storm. It is a perfect field of chivalry. The heavy rafters, the dashing rain, the piles of

spare mattresses to carouse upon, the big trunks to hide in, the old white coats and hats hanging in obscure corners, like ghosts—are great! . . . You glide away into a corner with an old, dogs'-eared copy of Robinson Crusoe. And you grow heart and soul into the story, until you tremble for the poor fellow with his guns, behind the palisade; and are yourself half dead with fright, when you peep cautiously over the hill with your glass, and see the cannibals at their orgies around the fire. . . . And so, with your head upon your hand, in your quiet garret corner, over some such beguiling story, your thought leans away from the book into your own dreamy cruise over the sea of life.

—*Donald G. Mitchell.*

TIME TO TINKER 'ROUN'

Summah's nice, wif sun a-shinin',
  Spring is good wif greens and grass,
An' dey's somethings nice 'bout wintah,
  Dough hit brings de freezin' blas';
But de time dat is de fines',
  Whethah fiel's is green er brown,
Is w'en de rain's a-po'in'
  An' dey's time to tinker 'roun'.

I WILL SPEAK OF THE SUNSHINE INSTEAD OF THE CLOUDS

Den you men's de mule's ol' ha'ness,
  An' you men's de broken chair,
Hummin' all de time you's wukin'
  Some ol' common kind o' air.
Evah now an' then you looks out,
  Tryin' mighty ha'd to frown,
But you cain't, you's glad hit's rainin',
  An' dey's time to tinker 'roun'.

Oh, you 'ten's lak you so anxious
  Evah time it so't o' stops,
W'en hit goes on, den you reckon
  Dat de wet'll he'p de crops.
But hit ain't de crops you's aftah;
  You knows w'en de rain comes down
Dat hit's too wet out fu' wukin',
  An' dey's time to tinker 'roun'.

Oh, dey's fun inside de co'n-crib,
  An' dey's laffin' at de ba'n;
An' dey's allus some one jokin',
  Er some one to tell a ya'n.
Dah's a quiet in yo' cabin,
  Only fu' de rain's sof' soun';
So you's mighty blessed happy
  W'en dey's time to tinker 'roun'!

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*

MOTHER'S RAINY DAY

Sometimes there's a rainy day; an' then
We lay off a spell, we men.
Pa talks politicks and reads the papers,
And we boys putter 'round and cut up capers,
An' whittle, even down to little brother.
But dunno as I can recollect a rainy day for mother.

Seems as if she worked harder then than any other day,
Trying to keep things straight and put away,
Stirrin' up the fire so it won't seem dreary,
Cookin' something extra then, makin' things more cheery;
Pickin' up pa's slippers, or something or another.
I don't believe there ever was a rainy day for mother.

But then she don't complain. Just keeps workin' on.
Sometimes she has a pleasant word, sometimes a bit of song,
And lots of times I fancy she has a tired look
An' I'd feel lots better if she'd rest or read a book.
An' then I wipe the dishes, or do something or another,
An' wish with all my heart there was a rainy day for mother.

—*Florence A. Hayes.*

I WILL SPEAK OF THE SUNSHINE INSTEAD OF THE CLOUDS

"A little bit of patience often makes the sunshine come,
And a little bit of love makes a very happy home;
A little bit of hope makes a rainy day look gay,
And a little bit of charity makes glad a weary way."

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be,
It's the songs ye sing, an' the smiles ye wear,
That's a-making the sun shine everywhere;
An' the world of gloom is a world of glee,
Wid the bird in the bush, an' the bird in the tree,
An' the fruit on the stim o' the bough," says he,
"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be."

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;

The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!
Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The Ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon:
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

—*William Wordsworth.*

I WILL ENCOURAGE INSTEAD OF CRITICISE

"Pray for a short memory to all unkindness."

I WILL ENCOURAGE INSTEAD OF CRITICISE

Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who know me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower, where I thought a flower would grow.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

THE WASP AND THE BEE

A wasp met a bee that was just buzzing by,
And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why
You are loved so much better by people than I?

"My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant too, to behold;
Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told."

"Ah, cousin," the bee said, "'tis all very true;
But if I had half as much mischief to do,
Indeed they would love me no better than you.

"You have a fine shape and a delicate wing;
They own you are handsome; but then there's one thing
They cannot put up with, and that is your sting.

"My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see,
Yet nobody ever is angry with me,
Because I'm a humble and innocent bee."

From this little story let people beware:
Because, like the wasp, if ill-natured they are,
They will never be loved, if they're ever so fair.

—*Jane Taylor.*

A CREED

I believe in Human kindness
Large amid the sons of men,
Nobler far in willing blindness
Than in censure's keenest ken.
I believe in Self-Denial,
And its secret throb of joy;
In the love that lives through trial,
Dying not, though death destroy.

I believe in Love renewing
All that sin hath swept away,
Leavenlike its work pursuing
Night by night and day by day;
In the power of its remoulding,
In the grace of its reprieve,
In the glory of beholding
Its perfection—I believe.

I believe in Love Eternal,
  Fixed in God's unchanging will,
That beneath the deep infernal
  Hath a depth that's deeper still!
In its patience—its endurance
  To forbear and to retrieve,
In the large and full assurance
  Of its triumph—I believe.

—*Norman Macleod.*

A HINT OF LIFE

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;
  And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,
  And look for the virtues behind them;
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
  Somewhere in the shadows hiding.
It is better by far to hunt for a star
  Than the spot on the sun abiding.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

So many little faults we find:
We see them, for not blind
  Is love—we see them; but if you and I
  Remember them, perhaps, some by and by
They will not be
Faults then, grave faults to you and me,
  But just odd ways, mistakes, or even less—
  Remembrances to bless.

—*George Klingle.*

"If we noticed little pleasures
As we notice little pains;
If we quite forgot our losses
And remembered all our gains;
If we looked for people's virtues
And their faults refused to see,
What a comfortable, happy,
Cheerful place this world would be."

"Only a frown! Yet it pressed a sting
Into the day which had been so glad;
The red rose turned to a scentless thing:
The bird-song ceased with discordant ring;
And a heart was heavy and sad.

"Only a smile! yet it cast a spell
Over the sky which had been so gray;
The rain made music wherever it fell;
The wind sang the song of the marriage-bell,
And a heart was light and gay."

"Only a smile that was given me
On the crowded street one day
But it pierced the gloom of my saddened heart
Like the sudden sunbeam's ray.
The shadows of doubt hung over me
And the burdens of pain I bore,
And the voice of hope I could not hear
Though I listened o'er and o'er.

"But there came a rift in the crowd about
And a face I knew passed by,
And the smile I caught was brighter to me
Than the blue of a summer sky;
For it gave me back the sunshine
And it scattered each sober thought,
And my heart rejoiced in the kindly warmth
Which that kindly smile had wrought."

SPEAK NO ILL

"Nay, speak no ill! a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind:
And, oh! to breathe each tale we've heard
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown,
By choosing thus the kinder plan;
For if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

"Give us the heart that fain would hide,
Would fain another's faults efface;
How can it please e'en human pride
To prove humanity but base?
No! let us reach a higher mood,
A nobler sentiment of man;
Be earnest in the search of good,
And speak of all the best we can.

"Then speak no ill, but lenient be
To other's failings as your own;
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief its span;
Then, oh! the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can."

UNCLE DAN'S PHILOSOPHY

Ever heard of Uncle Dan?
Such a queer, peculiar man!
Never grumbles come what may,
"What's the use of it!" says he;
"Frettin' never seems to pay—
Anyway, it don't with me,
When a thing has happened—why,
'What's done can't be helped,' says I:
So, to show you've got some grit,
Grin, an' make the best of it."

Strange old fellow, Uncle Dan!
"Always stan' up for a man
When they're down on him," says he,
"'Till you know he's in the wrong—
Frien's ain't what they ought to be
When you buy 'em with a song.
I go in for trustin' men;
Sometimes I get fooled—but then,
Better trust an' be deceived
Than to never have believed!"

Dear, old-fashioned Uncle Dan!
Steadfast friend and honest man:
  Brave with faith in human kind,
Strong with trust in God above;
To a comrade's frailties blind,
  Quick to see with eyes of love!
There's a sermon in his creed
Surely he who runs may read,
And the world's a brighter place
Since he looked it in the face.

—*Eben E. Rexford.*

LIFE'S SCARS

They say the world is round and yet
  I often think it square,
So many little hurts we get
  From corners here and there.
But one great truth in life I've found,
  While journeying to the West,—
The only folks who really wound
  Are those we love the best.

The man you thoroughly despise
  Can rouse your wrath, 'tis true;
Annoyance in your heart will rise
  At things mere strangers do;
But those are only passing ills,
  This rule all lives will prove:
The rankling wound which aches and thrills
  Is dealt by hands we love.

The choicest garb, the sweetest grace,
  Are oft to strangers shown;
The careless mien, the frowning face
  Are given to our own.
We flatter those we scarcely know;
  We please the fleeting guest;
And deal full many a thoughtless blow
  To those who love us best.

Love does not grow on every tree,
  Nor true hearts yearly bloom.
Alas, for those who only see
  This cut across a tomb!
But, soon or late, the fact grows plain
  To all through sorrow's test:
The only folks who give us pain
  Are those we love the best.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

OUR OWN

"If I had known in the morning
  How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind
  I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
  Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex our own with look and tone
  We might never take back again.

"For though in the quiet evening
You should give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth at morning,
Who never come home at night;
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken
That sorrow could ne'er set right!

"We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest.
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah, lip with the curve impatient,
Ah, brow with the look of scorn.
'Twere a cruel fate were the night too late
To undo the work of morn!"

—*Margaret Sangster.*

WE DO NOT CARE

We do not care what the world may say
If those whom we love are true;
We do not mind the toil of the day
If we know in the dusk and the dew
There waits some one who will welcome us
As we come home to rest—
Some friends who will say, "Dear heart, I know
That to-day you have done your best."

We do not mind if the thorns are sharp,
  Or the pathway is rough and steep;
We do not mind if we plow and sow
  For others to come and reap.
If we can but hear, when the twilight comes
  And the red in the West grows gray,
Some dear voice whisper these words of cheer:
  "You have fought a good fight to-day."

For the heart don't care what the world may say
  If those whom it loves are true,
For 'twas ever and always the heart's own way
  To long for the love and rue.
You forget the gain, the loss, and the pain
  That tortures your pulsing breast,
If there's one who always in sweet, blind faith
  Can say: "You have done your best."

—*Will D. Muse.*

"I've a sweetheart that's the merriest boy in all the County Clare.
His whistle's like the blackbird's lute in Springtime's larchwoods fair,
An' if I'm troublin' any time, 'Be aisy, love,' says Dan,
'An' if you can't be aisy, be as aisy as you can!'

"He'll up at dawn to find me the wee red cow
that strays,
His hand will make the butter come on weary
churnin' days.
An' when the world seems all awry, 'Be aisy,
love,' says Dan,
'An' if you can't be aisy, be as aisy as you can!'

"He's such a way with all the girls, an' when
in buckled shoes
He steps the jig 'tis many a maid for partner
he might choose.
But tho' his smile's for every one, 'Be aisy,
love,' says Dan,
'An' if you can't be aisy, be as aisy as you can!'

"Oh, there's no one like my sweetheart all the
way thro' County Clare,
An' he says we'll just be married when the
May-bloom scents the air,
An' 'tis life will be all springtime, for 'Be aisy,
love,' says Dan,
'An' if you can't be aisy, be as aisy as you
can!'"

"A good wife rose from her bed one morn
And thought, with a nervous dread,
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.

'There's the meals to get for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned;
And all to be done this day.'

"It rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as it could be;
There were puddings and pies to bake, besides
A loaf of cake for tea.
And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbed wearily as she said,
'If maidens but knew what good wives know,
They would not be in haste to wed!'

"'Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?'
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eyes half-bashfully fell:
'It was this,' he said, and coming near
He smiled and stooping down,
Kissed her cheek—''twas this, that you were the best
And the dearest wife in town.'

"The farmer went back to the field, and the wife,
In a smiling, absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day.

And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea;
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet,
And as golden as it could be.

"'Just think,' the children all called in a breath,
'Tom Wood has run off to sea!
He wouldn't, I know, if he'd only had
As happy a home as we.'
The night came down, and the good wife smiled
To herself, as she softly said:
''Tis so sweet to labor for those we love—
It's not strange that maids will wed!'"

ARE YOU SURE?

Are you sure you made her happy?
That the pleasant smile she wears
Doesn't mask a heart that's longing
For relief from household cares?

Are you sure her strength is equal
To the tasks that she must do
That she never needs assistance
Or encouragement from you?

Are you sure she doesn't miss it—
The old love-light in your eye?
The tender words once spoken
In the days long, long gone by?

Are you sure she's never lonely,
  When you're absent from her side?
Ah! the heart is crying always
  For companionship denied.

Are you sure you understand her,
  Or appreciate her worth?
Must you wait to be awakened,
  When no longer she's on earth?

—*Hannah Leary Doppman.*

THE WOMAN WHO UNDERSTANDS

She makes no plans for you to fulfill,
  The woman who understands,
She sends no unwished grist to your mill,
  The woman who understands.
'Tis the thought she brings
That sings and sings
  Into the heart of you,
Till it flows and glows
And finally grows
  Into visions of dreams come true.

She sits and smiles from her easy chair,
  The woman who understands,
And as she listens your plans grow clear,
  The woman who understands,
She lays no claim
For heart or brain,

To what she is giving you,
'Tis her soul's fine grace
Gives you strength for the race,
The race that makes dreams come true.

—*Gertrude Capen Whitney.*

WHY DO WE FORGET?

When friends have done the loving deed
Or reached the kindly hand,
Or given help in time of need
Why do we sometimes stand
And check the flowing of the tears
And keep the lips firm set
Till love, indifference appears?
Oh why do we forget?

Do we forget? "Oh no! Oh no!
The kindly deed we keep
Within our hearts where'er we go,
Or waking, or asleep."
Then why not say the thankful word,
And let the tear-drops flow?
And show the depths within us stirred?
Oh why dissemble so?

We cannot tell, but this is true,
With souls that deepest feel;
We cannot do what we would do,
Unwilling to reveal

The measure of our sympathy,
And so we sometimes let
The friends we love most faithfully
Think that we can forget.

—*Julia Harris May.*

WHEN I HAVE TIME

When I have time so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with care;
I'll help to lift them from their low despair,
When I have time.

When I have the time the friend I love so well
Shall know no more these weary toiling days;
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise,
When I have time.

When you have time! The friend you hold so dear
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent;
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her life with sweet content,
When you had time.

Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so dear;
They may not need you in the coming year—
Now is the time.

—*Medical Missionary Record.*

GIVE THEM THE FLOWERS NOW

Closed eyes can't see the white roses;
Cold hands can't hold them, you know;
Breath that is stilled cannot gather
The odors that sweet from them blow.
Death, with a peace beyond dreaming
Its children of earth doth endow;
Life is the time we can help them,
So give them the flowers now.

Here are the struggles and striving;
Here are the cares and the tears;
Now is the time to be smoothing
The frowns and the furrows and fears.
What to closed eyes are kind sayings?
What to hushed heart is deep vow?
Naught can avail after parting,
So give them the flowers now.

Just a kind word or a greeting,
Just a warm grasp or a smile—
These are the flowers that will lighten
The burdens for many a mile.

After the journey is over
  What is the use of them; how
Can they carry them who must be carried?
  O, give them the flowers now.

Blooms from the happy heart's garden
  Plucked in the spirit of love;
Blooms that are earthly reflexions
  Of flowers that blossom above.
Words cannot tell what a measure
  Of blessing such gifts will allow
To dwell in the lives of many,
  So give them the flowers now.

—*Leigh M. Hodges.*

"If you have a friend worth loving,
  Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
  Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

"If you hear a song that thrills you,
  Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
  Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

I WILL ENCOURAGE INSTEAD OF CRITICISE

"If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them. And by kindly sharing
Own our kinship in the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

"If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

"If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

"Scatter thus your seeds of kindness
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver;
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until the happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend."

COMFORT ONE ANOTHER

Comfort one another,
For the way is growing dreary,
And the feet are often weary,
  And the heart is—oh, how sad!
There are heavy burdens bearing,
When it seems that none are caring,
  And we half forget that ever we were glad.

Comfort one another,
With the hand-clasp close and tender,
With the sweetness love can render,
  And the look of friendly eyes.
Do not wait with grace unspoken,
When life's daily bread is broken,
  Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies.

Comfort one another,
There are words of music ringing
Down the ages sweet as singing,
  Of the happy choirs above.
Ransomed saint and holy angel
Lift the grand and deep evangel.
  There forever they are sounding: "God is love."

Comfort one another,
By the hope of him who sought us
In our peril—Him who bought us,
  Paying for us with His blood.
By the faith that will not alter,
Trusting faith that shall not falter,
  Leaning on the One who is "divinely good."

—*Marion M. Smyth.*

IF WE ONLY UNDERSTOOD

"If we knew the cares and trials,
  Knew the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
  Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim eternal roughness
  Seem—I wonder—just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder?
  Should we pity where we blame?

"Ah! we judge each other harshly,
  Knowing not life's hidden force—
Knowing not the fount of action
  Is less turbid at its source;
Seeing not amid the evil
  All the golden grains of good;
And we'd love each other better
  If we only understood.

"Could we judge all deeds by motives
  That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
  Know what spur the action gives,
Often we would find it better,
  Purer than we judge we should.
We should love each other better
  If we only understood.

"Could we judge all deeds by motives,
  See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner
  All the while we loathe the sin;

Could we know the powers working
To o'erthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
More with patient charity."

Love much. Earth has enough of bitter in it;
Cast sweets into its cup whene'er you can.
No heart so hard but love at last may win it.

Love much. Men's souls contract with cold suspicion;
Shine on them with warm love and they expand.
'Tis love, not creeds, that from a low condition
Leads mankind up to heights supreme and grand.
Oh, that the world would see and understand!

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

I WILL BE A FRIEND TO EVERY ONE

"The stranger on the highway, too,
Is brother unto me and you."

I WILL BE A FRIEND TO EVERY ONE

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
  In the peace of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart in a
    fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
  Where highways never ran;
But let me live by the side of the road
  And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
  Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
  As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
  Or hurl the cynic's ban;—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
  And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
  By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
  The men who are faint with the strife.

But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan;—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

—*Sam Walter Foss.*

THE SALT OF THE EARTH

"There's a lot that's seductive in titles and rank,
In station and pomp and degree,
And crosses and stars on a nobleman's breast
Are mighty attractive to see.
It comforts most people straight through in this life
To think that their blood's clear blue,
But the salt of the earth is its common folk still,
Honest and simple and true.

"They hold fast to justice and freedom and right,
They're virtuous, manful and strong,
And it's ever their mission to straighten things out
When the world gets entangled in wrong;
Not always we're willing to credit them up
With the glorious things that they do,
But the salt of the earth is its common folk still,
Honest and simple and true."

I WILL BE A FRIEND TO EVERY ONE

"Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in Heaven the deed appears
Pass it on."

Learn that to love is the one way to know
Or God or man: it is not love received
That maketh man to know the inner life
Of them that love him; his own love bestowed
Shall do it.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river
Wasting its waters forever and ever;
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver
Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.
Scatter thy life as the summer shower's pouring!
What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring?
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?
Look to the life that was lavished for thee.

—*Rose Terry Cook.*

May I reach
That purest Heaven—be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be that sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

—*George Eliot.*

"Go forth in life, O friend, not seeking love;
A mendicant that with imploring eye
And outstretched hand asks of the passers-by
The alms his strong necessities may move.
For such poor love, to pity near allied,
Thy generous spirit may not stoop and wait
A suppliant, whose prayer may be denied,
Like a spurned beggar's at a palace gate;
But thy heart's affluence, lavish, uncontrolled
The largess of thy love, give full and free,
As monarchs in their progress scatter gold;
And be thy heart like the exhaustless sea,
That must its wealth of cloud and dew bestow,
Though tributary streams or ebb or flow."

TENDERNESS

Men called him hard—this man of stern affairs—
And breathed his name in cursings more than
prayers.

I saw him kneel within a public place
To kiss the tear-drops from a baby's face.

Men called him hard, and yet that one caress
Made him to me the soul of tenderness.

—Douglas Malloch.

The scent of a blossom from Eden!
The flower was not given to me,
But it freshened my spirit forever,
As it passed on its way to thee!

In my soul a lingering music:
The song was not meant for me,
But I listen, and listen, and wonder
To whom could it lovelier be.

The sounds and the scents that float by us—
They cannot tell whither they go;
Yet however it fails of its errand,
Love makes the world sweeter I know.

I know that love never is wasted,
Nor truth, nor the breath of a prayer;
And the thought that goes forth as a blessing
Must live as joy in the air.

—Lucy Larcom.

"If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain."

"LET ME BE REMEMBERED BY WHAT I HAVE DONE"

"Up and away, like the dew of the morning,
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun,
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

"My name and my place and my tomb, all forgotten,
The brief race of time well and patiently run,
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

"Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,
Up to the crown that for me has been won;
Unthought of by man, in rewards or in praises,
Only remembered by what I have done.

"Up and away, like the odors at sunset,
That sweeten the twilight, as darkness comes on;
So be my life—a thing felt, but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done.

I WILL BE A FRIEND TO EVERY ONE

"Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,
When the flowers that it came from are closed up and gone,
So would I be to this world's weary dwellers,
Only remembered by what I have done.

"Needs there the praise of the love-written record,
The name and the epitaph graved on the stone?
The things we have lived for, let them be our story.
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

"I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing
(As its summer and autumn moved silently on)
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its season,
I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

"I need not be missed, if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown;
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done."

PART V

THE CHILDREN AND THE CHEERFUL LIFE

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE CHILDREN AND THE CHEERFUL LIFE

What the leaves are to the forest,
  With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices,
  Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
  Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
  Than reaches the trunks below.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

THE CHILD'S HEART

The heart of a child,
  Like the heart of a flower,
Has a smile for the sun
  And a tear for the shower:
Oh, innocent hours
  With wonder beguiled—
Oh, heart like a flower's
  In the heart of a child!

The heart of a child,
  Like the heart of a bird,
With raptures of music
  Is flooded and stirred;
Oh, songs without words,
  Oh, melodies wild—
Oh, heart like a bird's
  In the heart of a child!

The heart of a child,
  Like the heart of the Spring,
Is full of the hope
  Of what Summer shall bring:
Oh, glory of things
  In a world undefiled—
Oh, heart like the Spring's
  In the heart of a child!

—Arthur Austin-Jackson.

CHILDREN

Come to me, O ye Children!
  For I hear you at your play.
And the questions that perplexed me
  Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
  That look toward the sun,
Where the thoughts are singing swallows
  And the brooks of morning run.

Your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
  In your thoughts the brooklets flow,
But in mine the wind of Autumn
  And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
  If the Children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
  Worse than the dark before.

For what are our contrivings,
  And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
  And the gladness of your looks?

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

TIDINGS

A baby is coming!
  Coming to me!
A man-child, or maid-child,
  O which shall it be?
For which does my heart cry
  In its lone, childless needs,
For strength, or for tenderness,
  Which supersedes?

I know not, I list not!
  Coming to me,
A man-child, a maid-child,
  God's will, it shall be.

'Twas He heard my deep cry
  For this sweet, precious boon,
Bring strength, or bring tenderness,
  Joy cometh soon.

A baby is coming!
  Coming to me!
A man-child, or maid-child,
  Whiche'er thou mayst be,
Maternity's rich love
  Is waiting for thee.
Then come, O heart beautiful!
  Hasten to me.

—*Mrs. J. E. Smith.*

God gave to earth a little human child,
Who looked into his face, and, looking, smiled.
Straightway his own smiled back; and by this grace
Heaven smiles forever in a baby's face!

—*Gertrude E. Heath.*

And O what time I wondering wait
  To see my flower unfolding,
Almost I wish Time ne'er could touch
  The baby-bud I'm holding.

—*Eugene Field.*

ONLY A BABY

Something to live for came to the place,
  Something to die for, maybe;
Something to give even sorrow a grace—
  And yet it was only a baby!

Cooing and laughter and gurgles and cries,
  Dimples for tenderest kisses;
Chaos of hopes and of raptures and sighs,
  Chaos of fears and of blisses.

Last year, like all years, the rose and the thorn;
  This year a wilderness, maybe;
But heaven stooped under the roof on the morn
  That it brought there only a baby.

—*Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

THE BABY

Where did you come from, baby dear?
  Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
  Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
  Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
  I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
  A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
  Something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
  Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
  God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
  Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
  From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
  God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
  God thought of you, and so I am here.

—*George McDonald.*

HER ROYAL LITTLENESS

Just a tiny morsel,
  Delicately sweet
From her golden halo
  To her little feet.

She is fair and dainty,
  Eyes of bluest blue,
Hands of pinkest wax-work,
  (Nothing much to do.)

Ears too small for hearing,
  Mouth a sweet, wild rose,
Cheeks that steal our kisses,
  Very saucy nose.

She's such a little woman!
  Perhaps it's better so,
She creeps into the coldest heart,
  And keeps it warm, you know.

—*Myra Hummel Budd.*

TWO LOVERS

Whose baby is loveliest?
  Mother's own,
All round the world—north, south, east, west—
  Hers alone!
For whether it be a Chinese tot,
  With eyes aslant and a shaven crown,
Or a dear little girl of the Land of the Free,
  Or a toddling Prince in Londontown,
Or the one rare treasure a Soudan slave
  Hugs to her heart, all wee and brown—
Each in its mother's gentle pride
Is fairer than all the world beside.

Whose mother is loved the best?
  Baby's own.
She whose cheek was first caressed—
  She alone.
For whether she be an Eskimo,
  Or colored mammy, or stately queen,
Or a wandering organ grinder's wife,
  Jingling and beating her tambourine,
In every land where children are
  The baby eyes from their deep, serene
Gaze, rapture bound by the tender grace
In the mother's bended, love-lit face.

—*Woman's Home Companion.*

LITTLE BROWN BABY

Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes,
  Come to yo' pappy an' set on his knee.
What you been doin', suh—makin' san' pies?
  Look at dat bib—you's ez du'ty ez me.
Look at dat mouf—dat's merlasses, I bet;
  Come hyeah, Maria, an' wipe off his han's.
Bees gwine to ketch you an' eat you up, yit,
  Bein' so sticky an' sweet—goodness lan's!

Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes,
  Who's pappy's darlin' an' who's pappy's chile?
Who is it all de day nevah once tries
  Fu' to be cross, er once loses dat smile?
Whah did you git dem teef? My, you's a scamp!
  Whah did dat dimple come f'om in yo' chin?
Pappy do' know you—I b'lieves you's a tramp:
  Mammy, dis hyeah's some ol' straggler got in!

Let's th'ow him outen de do' in de san',
  We do' want stragglers a-layin' 'roun' hyeah;
Let's gin him 'way to de big buggah-man;
  I know he's hidin' erroun hyeah right neah.
Buggah-man, buggah-man, come in de do',
  Hyeah's a bad boy you kin have fu' to eat.
Mammy an' pappy do' want him no mo',
  Swaller him down f'om his haid to his feet!

Dah, now, I thought dat you'd hug me up close.
  Go back, ol' buggah, you shan't have dis boy.
He ain't no tramp, ner no straggler, of co'se;
  He's pappy's pa'dner an' playmate an' joy.
Come to you' pallet now—go to yo' res',
  Wisht you could allus know ease an' clear skies;
Wisht you could stay jes' a chile on my breas'—
  Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes!

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*

BABY GOES TO SLEEPY TOWN

Baby goes to Sleepy Town a dozen times a day,
But foolish little Baby-heart can never find the way.

Mother has to go along and lead her by the hand
All the way through Drowsy Lane and on to Slumber Land.

Oh, my little Baby-heart learn the way to go!
Mother has such lots to do she can't run to and fro.
* * * * * * *
Mother, dear, I never saw the way to Sleepy Town.
Don't you know my eyes are shut before you lay me down?

—*Margaret Sutton Briscoe.*

LULLABY

Little one, close those shining eyes;
'Tis late and the daylight flies—
Even wee crickets have ended their song
And to sleep they have surely gone.
So sleep, dear; sleep, and do not cry.
Hush, dear! yes, hush-a-by.

Little one, warm in my arms to-night—
Hush, dear, thy restless cry—
Out in their nests, bright eyes shut tight,
The little brown birdies lie.
So sleep, dear; sleep, and do not cry.
Hush, dear! yes, hush-a-by.

Little one, now the soft, dark night
Has covered the sky so bright—
Baby must sleep—yes, dear, that's right,
We'll rest till the morning light.
So sleep, dear; sleep, and do not cry.
Hush, dear; yes, hush-a-by.

—*Bessie Warren Campbell.*

JUNE SLUMBER SONG

Shut your blue eyes, my pretty one,
  My May blossom, my sweet;
The roses bend to touch your face,
  The daisies kiss your feet.

Shut your bright eyes, my little bird,
  My bonny nestling wee,
While robins sing sweet lullabies
  In yonder apple-tree.

Shut your sweet eyes, my precious lamb,
  On mother's bosom sleep,
While white-robed angels, hovering near,
  Their tireless watches keep.

—*Mabel Cornelia Matson.*

A CHILD'S EVENSONG

The sun is weary, for he ran
So far and fast to-day;
The birds are weary, for who sang
So many songs as they?
The bees and butterflies at last
Are tired out, for just think too
How many gardens through the day
Their little wings have fluttered through.
And so, as all tired people do,

They've gone to lay their sleepy heads
Deep, deep in warm and happy beds.
The sun has shut his golden eye
And gone to sleep beneath the sky.
The birds and butterflies and bees
Have all crept into flowers and trees,
And all lie quiet, still as mice,
Till morning comes—like father's voice.

So Geoffrey, Owen, Phyllis, you
Must sleep away till morning too.
Close little eyes, down little heads,
And sleep—sleep—sleep in happy beds.

—*Richard LeGallienne.*

The gray shadows bend
And play-time must end,
The round, red sun has passed over,
The birds seek their rest
In the shady home nest,
And the bees have left the clover.

Our dream-bark we take
Across slumber-lake,
No thought of harm we borrow;
With sleepy delight
We now say, "Good-night,
God keep us till to-morrow."

—*E. A. F.*

LULLABY

The golden dreamboat's ready, all her silken sails
are spread,
And the breeze is gently blowing to the fairy
port of Bed,
And the fairy's captain's waiting while the busy
sandman flies
With the silver dust of slumber closing every
baby's eyes.

Oh, the night is rich with moonlight and the sea
is calm with peace
And the angels fly to guard you and their watch
shall never cease,
And the fairies there await you, they have splen-
did dreams to spin;
You shall hear them gayly singing as the dream-
boat's putting in.

Like the ripple of the water does the dreamboat's
whistle blow,
Only baby ears can catch it when it comes the
time to go,
Only little ones may journey on so wonderful a
ship
And go drifting off to slumber with no care to
mar the trip.

Oh, the little eyes are heavy but the little soul
is light,
It shall never know a sorrow or a terror through
the night.

And at last when dawn is breaking and the
dreamboat's trip is o'er,
You shall wake to find the mother smiling over
you once more.

—*Edgar A. Guest.*

From "The Path to Home;"
copyrighted, 1919, by The Reilly & Lee Co.

CHILD AND MOTHER

O Mother-My-Love, if you'll give me your
hand,
And go where I ask you to wander,
I will lead you away to a beautiful land—
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder.
We'll walk in a sweet-posie garden out there
Where moonlight and starlight are stream-
ing
And the flowers and the birds are filling the air
With the fragrance and music of dreaming.

There'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,
No questions or cares to perplex you;
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,
Nor patching of stockings to vex you.
For I'll rock you away on a silver-dew stream,
And sing you asleep when you're weary,
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream
But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I'll nestle my head
In the bosom that's soothed me so often,
And the wide-awake stars shall sing in my stead
A song which our dreaming shall soften.
So, Mother-My-Love, let me take your dear hand,
And away through the starlight we'll wander—
Away through the mist to the beautiful land—
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder!

—*Eugene Field.*

From "The Poems of Eugene Field;" copyrighted, 1910, by Julia Sutherland Field; published by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

"GRANDPA" AND "BABY"

Grandpa's sitting in his arm-chair
With the baby on his knee;
But the blue eyes shine with mischief:
Loth to go to sleep is she.

So he sits and rocks her gently,
Swaying softly to and fro,
Singing songs his mother sang him,
Many, many years ago.

By and by the eyes grow dimmer;
Baby sings her "sleepy song";
Grandpa, smiling as he listens,
Thinks his task will not be long.

Soon the eyes, with mischief dancing,
  From his loving gaze are hid;
For an angel, with soft kisses,
  Has sealed down each heavy lid.

Still he sits and holds her closely,
  Wishing that his loving arm
Might be ever near, to shield her
  From all evil, and all harm.

And he prays the gentle Savior
  That she in His paths may tread;
Prays that Heaven's choicest blessings
  Fall upon her golden head.

Grandpa's head bows low and lower,
  The young face is near the old;
On his arm the threads of silver
  Mingle with the locks of gold.

In the room, so still and quiet,
  Angel eyes their vigils keep;
Bending o'er, and safely guarding
  Babe and Grandpa—both asleep.

—Annie S. Cornell.

LOVIN' TIME

Oh, the day-time's good for play-time
  An' the night-time's good for rest,
But just between the two there comes
  The time I love the best.

Then mother takes the rocking chair
  An' in her lap I climb,
An' put my arms around her neck,
  'Cause that's our lovin' time.

I tell her all my troubles,
  An' all my secrets, too,
For she never laughs at me or nags
  Like some boys' mothers do.

But if I've been good, we're happy,
  An' if I've been bad, I'm bound
To tell her all about it
  When our lovin' time comes round.

An' sometimes I get thinking
  That maybe, after all,
I'd rather be a little chap
  Than grow up big an' tall.

For then I couldn't snuggle down
  In mother's lap like this
Or tell her all that bothered me;
  There's lots of things I'd miss.

I'd have to go up-stairs alone,
  And things would not seem right
If mother didn't hear my prayers
  An' tuck the covers tight.

I'd miss our happy twilight talks,
  For then I couldn't climb
Up in her lap, but most of all
  I'd miss our lovin' time.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

KISSING TIME

'Tis when the lark goes soaring
  And the bee is at the bud,
When lightly dancing zephyrs
  Sing over field and flood;
When all sweet things in nature
  Seem joyfully achime—
'Tis then I wake my darling,
  For it is kissing time!

Go, pretty lark, a-soaring,
  And suck your sweets, O bee;
Sing, O ye winds of summer,
  Your songs to mine and me;
For with your song and rapture
  Cometh the moment when
It's half-past kissing time
  And time to kiss again!

So—so the days go fleeting
  Like golden fancies free,
And every day that cometh
  Is full of sweets for me;
And sweetest are those moments
  My darling comes to climb
Into my lap to mind me
  That it is kissing time.

Sometimes, maybe, he wanders
  A heedless, aimless way—
Sometimes, maybe, he loiters
  In pretty, prattling play;

But presently bethinks him
  And hastens to me then,
For it's half-past kissing time
  And time to kiss again!

—*Eugene Field.*

From "The Poems of Eugene Field;" copyrighted, 1910, by Julia Sutherland Field; published by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

NO BABY IN THE HOUSE

No baby in the house, I know
  'Tis far too nice and clean.
No toys by careless fingers strewn,
  Upon the floors are seen.
No finger-marks are on the panes,
  No scratches on the chairs;
No wooden men set up in rows,
  Or marshalled off in pairs;
No little stockings to be darned,
  All ragged at the toes;
No pile of mending to be done,
  Made up of baby-clothes;
No little troubles to be soothed;
  No little hands to fold
No grimy fingers to be washed;
  No stories to be told;
No tender kisses to be given;
  No nicknames, "Dove" and "Mouse";
No merry frolics after tea—
  No baby in the house!

—*Clara G. Dolliver.*

TIED DOWN

"They tie you down," a woman said,
Whose cheeks should have been flaming red
With shame to speak of children so.
"When babies come you cannot go
In search of pleasure with your friends
And all your happy wandering ends.
The things you like you cannot do
For babies make a slave of you."

I looked at her and said: "'Tis true
That children make a slave of you,
And tie you down with many a knot,
But have you never thought to what
It is of happiness and pride
That little babies have you tied?
Do you not miss the greater joys
That come with little girls and boys?

"They tie you down to laughter rare,
To hours of smiles and hours of care,
To nights of watching and to fears,
Sometimes they tie you down to tears
And then repay you with a smile
And make your trouble all worth while.
They tie you fast to chubby feet
And cheeks of pink and kisses sweet.

"They fasten you with cords of love
To God divine who reigns above.
They tie you, whereso'er you roam
Unto the little place called home,

And over sea or railroad track
They tug at you to bring you back.
The happiest people in the town
Are those the babies have tied down.

"Oh, go your selfish way and free
But hampered I would rather be,
Yes, rather than a kingly crown
I would be, what you term, tied down;
Tied down to dancing eyes and charms,
Held fast by chubby, dimpled arms,
The fettered slave of girl and boy,
And win from them earth's finest joy."

—*Edgar A. Guest.*

From "The Path to Home;" copyrighted, 1919, by The Reilly & Lee Co.

TIRED MOTHERS

"A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so tight,
You do not prize this blessing overmuch;
You are almost too tired to pray to-night.

"But is it blessedness? A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are all so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

"And if, some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee—
This restless, curly head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

"I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gowns;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.

If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap or jacket on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once more—

"If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest has flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!"

A LONELY SPOT

"The dreariest spot in all the world,
I care not what the zone,
Is home, sweet home, in summer-time
When I am there alone.
The world is fair, the lawns are green,
The sun pours down its gold,
But in my lonely den I sit
In cheerlessness and cold.

"I wander up and down the stair,
I go from room to room,
And everything so silent is
My heart is filled with gloom.

The books, the treasures of my boy,
  Confront me everywhere,
And mutely speak, but he, dear lad,
  The little chap's not there.

"I look into the nursery
  And find it span and spick:
To see no toys upon the floor
  Doth make me mortal sick!
And when I turn to go, and spy
  Two empty little beds,
It gives my heart a twist to miss
  Two curly little heads!

"And in another room, near by,
  To see no patterns there,
No scissors and no cutting-board,
  No needles in the chair,
No cotton threads upon the mat,
  No spools of silk about,
The tears that well up in my eyes
  Suggest a waterspout.

"Egad! 'tis not a pleasant thing,
  As some good folks suggest,
To send one's family away
  And stay at home for rest.
There's lots of quiet to be had,
  But give me rather noise,
As long as quiet can't be had
  Along with little boys."

MY COUNTRY BOY

Where daisies and buttercups bloom in the fields,
  Where, 'midst willow trees, ripples along
A mountain creek, prancing and dancing with glee,
  Humming a soft little song,
Where over the mountains in beauty sublime
  Awakens the light of each morn,
To smile on sweet meadows and forest-clad hills,
  There my baby, my darling, was born.

And here in this valley of sunshine and peace
  Shall he grow to be healthy and strong;
Amidst daisies and buttercups romp in the fields,
  And rival the birds in their song.
He shall climb o'er the mountains, and dream by the brook,
  A true child of Nature to be;
His eyes full of laughter, his heart full of mirth,
  Barefooted and happy and free!

—*Hebe.*

FIRST TROUSERS

Little man, little man,
  With your little trousers blue,
I wish that I were happy,
  My little man, like you.
Is there ever anything in life
  That gives such pleasure true
As this first pair of trousers,
  So stunning and so new?

Little man, little man,
  You with sturdy stride and bold,
Pray, have you seen my baby boy?
  He passed this way, I'm told.
His little dress is fresh and white,
  His clustering curls are gold—
He's naught else but a baby,
  For he's but three years old!

Little man, little man,
  Why, can it really be?
When I ask if you've seen him,
  You say that you are he?
You, with your stride and trousers,
  And magic pockets three?
'Tis quite hard to believe it,
  You look so strange to me.

—*Susie Dawson Brown.*

A CHANGE OF HEART

"I care for nobody,
  And nobody cares for me,"
Sang Tommy at play, in the sweet new hay,
  Where nobody could see.

So his mother made the fire,
  And searched for the old hen's nest,
While the sun from its place high overhead
  Went sliding into the west.

She filled the water-pail,
  And picked the berries for tea,
And wondered down in her tender heart
  Where her little boy could be.

Alone in the dim old barn,
  Tommy grew tired of play,
When the cows came home and the shadows fell
  Over the new-mown hay.

So into the kitchen he ran,
  With a noisy hi! yi! yi!
His mother had made him a frosted cake;
  She had made him a saucer pie.

So he gave her a loving hug—
  "I will help next time," said he.
"I care for somebody,
  And somebody cares for me."

—*Mary F. Butts.*

BOYS

Now if any one has an easy time
  In this world of push and pull,
It is not the boy of the family,
  For his hands are always full.
I'd like to ask who fills the stove?
  Where is the girl that could?
Who brings in water, lights the fire,
  And splits the kindling wood?

And who is it that cleans the walks
  After hours of snowing?
In summer who keeps down the weeds
  By diligently hoeing?
And who must harness the faithful horse,
  When the girls would ride about?
And who must clean the carriage?
  The boy, you'll own, no doubt.

And who does the many other things
  Too numerous to mention?
The boy is the "general utility man,"
  And really deserves a pension!
Friends, just praise this boy sometimes,
  When he does his very best;
And don't always want the easy chair
  When he's taking a little rest.

Don't let him always be the last
  To see the new magazine;
And sometimes let the boy be heard,
  As well as to be seen.
That boys are far from perfect,
  Is understood by all;
But they have hearts, remember,
  For "men are boys grown tall."

And when a boy has been working
  His level best for days,
It does him good, I tell you,
  To have some hearty praise.

He's not merely a combination
  Of muddy boots and noise,
And he likes to be looked upon
  As one of the family joys.

—*The Gem.*

A BOY'S LAMENT

I don't like grown folks very much;
  'Pears like they don't like me;
In nearly ev'rything I do
  Some fault they're sure to see.

If I'm playin' in my play-room,
  As quiet as can be,
They think I'm up to mischief an'
  Come runnin' up to see.

An' if I run an' laugh an' shout
  They send me off to bed,
'Cause it almost drives 'em crazy,
  An' nearly splits their head.

I get all tired out an' cross
  A tryin' to be good,
An' hate to hear of children who
  Do just the things they should.

I've got er dandy sled, er course,
  An' heaps er other toys,
But don't have no fun using 'em
  Like all the other boys.

'Cause ma's so feared that I'll get cold,
  I don't get out till spring,
An' then the snow's all mushy like—
  An' marbles is the thing.

In summertime it's 'bout as bad;
  The things I want to do
Are mostly al'ays just the ones
  She doesn't want me to.

Yer see, my ma, she never was
  A little boy like me,
An' so, er course, she doesn't know
  What a boy 'ud like to be.

An' pa, he ain't no use a-tall—
  He dassn't say a word—
"Whatever mother says must go"
  Is all I've ever heard.

It's dretful queer how he's forgot
  'Bout things boys like to do!
But p'rhaps when I'm so awful old,
  I'll have forgotten, too.

An' so, I think, I'd ruther die
  A little boy like me,
Than live to be as horrid as
  The grown folks have to be.

—*Elizabeth Thomson Ordway.*

BUD'S VIEWS

Old folks think it's fun to be
Just a little boy like me—
Think that all I got to do
Is to play the whole day through
And to stay out in the sun,
Havin' every kind of fun.
Poets write about the joys
That belong to little boys,
But no poet's written yet
'Bout the scoldings that they get.

Wonder what old folks would say
If, a dozen times a day,
They were scrubbed until it hurt
Coz their mothers hated dirt.
Wonder how they'd like to be
Treated just the same as me
An' as soon as they were fed,
Chased up-stairs an' put to bed,
Or when they've a stummick ache,
Castor oil be forced to take.

'Spose those long-haired poet chaps
Had to sit in women's laps,
An' be kissed an' hugged a lot,
If they wanted to or not;
'Spose while playin' one-o'-cat
It had come their turn to bat,
Bet they wouldn't wear a grin,
If their mothers called 'em in,
Chased 'em on an errand for
Something at the grocery store.

Old folks think it's fun to be
Five years old an' young like me,
An' the poets sing the joys
Of the happy little boys,
But right now I'm telling you
Boys have lots of troubles, too—
Lots of things to make 'em mad,
They're not always feeling glad.
When you're five years old, By Jing!
You get blamed for everything.

—*Edgar A. Guest.*

Copyrighted, 1919, by Edgar A. Guest.

HEADACHE JES' 'FORE SCHOOL

I guess my health is gittin' poor,
  Er somep'ner the kin'
For every mornin' jist as sure
  (Especially if it's fine)
I git sich offul pains
  'At ma says: "It's jes' cru'l
Ter make 'at boy study with
  Such headaches jes' 'fore school."

Ma thinks my mind is breakin' down
  From learnin' of so much.
She puts wet towels on my head,
  An' chopped up ice, an' such,

An' tries ter git me off ter bed,
  But pa says he's no fool,
He thinks birch oil's the only stuff
  Fer headaches jes' 'fore school.

An' teacher, too, don't symp'thize
  'Ith boys wot's feelin' bad,
Fer, soon's she sees me mopin' in,
  She says: "Now ain't 'at sad
Ter make them suff'rin' children works!
  Young man, set on 'at stool
An' do them sums." Huh! she makes fun
  Of headaches jes' 'fore school.

'Tis kind'r funny, though, how soon
  I'm over bein' sick,
An' me an' Jim (Jim, he gits cramps),
  We sneak off down t' the crick
An' go in swimmin'. Gee! We got
  A bully divin' pool
An' spring board. Gosh! you bet they cure
  Them headaches jes' 'fore school.

An' fishin', too. We got a raft
  An' dandy hooks an' lines,
Ketch bulkheads, lots—an' sunfish. Say!
  Down underneath them pines
They bite like thunder! Settin' there,
  Feet swashin', nice an' cool.
Pains, nothin'! Say, d' you ever git
  Them headaches jes' 'fore school?

—*Maurice C. Johnson.*

A BOY'S CONFESSION

Aunt Kate she said the other day,
"Jim's nothin' but a boy," she said.
That's jus' the way I heard her say
As if she wisht all boys was dead.
She ac' as if boys wasn't fit
To be alive a little bit.

Pa, all the time he says: "Here, James!
Don't let me speak to you again!
Don't call your little sister names!
Don't tease the cat! Don't scare the hen!
Now do be quiet if you can,
An' ac' a little like a man."

Seems like they ain't no room for me
To move or make a bit of noise.
I wish Aunt Kate, I just wisht she
Was more than forty 'leven boys,
All set up in a stiff back chair,
An' made to stay all quiet there.

I didn't go to sass Aunt Kate,
"Shut up," was all I ever said.
An' Pa, he turned an' made me skate
Out of the room up here to bed,
An' made me leave the table too,
Jus' when I wasn't half way through.

Ma she came up, an' she's been here.
I heard her creaking up the stairs.
She say to me: "I come, my dear,
To tuck you in an' hear your prayers."
An' then I choked an' boo! hoo!
An' cried an' cried, and Ma cried, too.

I'm sorry now I sassed Aunt Kate,
An' hurt her feelin's like I do.
'Cause Ma says she's been sick of late
With nervous prostration, too.
An' Pa was worried to-night
'Cause the store business don't go right.

An' Ma she'll tell me I shall pray
That I don't do them things again,
An' God fergive me, which I say
I ast fer Jesus sake amen.
An' I fergive Aunt Kate an' Pa;
An' every one—and love my Ma!

—*Milton O. Nelson.*

MOTHERS

Mothers are the queerest things!
  'Member when John went away,
All but mother cried and cried
  When they said good-by that day.
She just talked, and seemed to be
  Not the slightest bit upset—
Was the only one who smiled!
  Others' eyes were streaming wet.
But when John come back again
  On a furlough, safe and sound,
With a medal for his deeds
  And without a single wound,
While the rest of us hurrahed,
  Laughed and joked and danced about,
Mother kissed him, then she cried—
  Cried and cried like all git out!

—*The Century.*

WHEN TEACHER GETS CROSS

"When the teacher gets cross and her brown eyes get black
And her pencil comes down on the desk with a whack,
We chilluns in class sits up straight in a line,
As if we had rulers instead of a spine.
It's scary to cough, and it's not safe to grin—
When the teacher gets cross and the dimples goes in.

"When the teacher gets cross, the tables all mix,
And the ones and the sevens begins playing tricks;
The pluses and minus is just little smears
Where the cry babies cry all their slates up with tears.
The figgers won't add and they act up like sin—
When the teacher gets cross and the dimples goes in.

"When the teacher gets cross, the readers gets bad,
The lines jiggle round till the chilluns is sad,
And Billyboy puffs and gets red in the face,
As if he and lessons were running a race,
Till she hollers out 'Next!' as sharp as a pin—
When the teacher gets cross and the dimples goes in.

"When the teacher gets good, her smile is so bright
The tables gets straight and the readers gets right,
The pluses and minus comes trooping along,
And figgers add up and stops being wrong,
And we chilluns would like (but we dassent) to shout,
When the teacher gets good and the dimples comes out."

When you first teach a child to understand
Work means the loving heart and helping hand;
When you first teach a youth to read and write
You give the key to a lifelong delight.
Who adds the charm of music to his days
Attunes his soul to melody and praise.
Who studies art enters the court serene,
The enchanted land where Nature reigns a queen.
Who loves all beauty doth a poet grow,
And wins the highest joy that mortals know.

—*James B. Wiggin.*

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

"If you were a little girl again,
  Mother Mahone, Mahone,
What would you do the long, long day,
  Playing alone, alone?
If I were a little girl again,
  Nora, my own, my own,
With just one long, long sunny day
  To play alone, alone,
If I were a little girl again,
  And fairy folk were true,
If paper dolls had human hearts,
  And all the world were new,
Ah, listen, listen, little one,
  I'll whisper what I'd do:

"To the violet's lips I'd put my ear
And hush my heart that I might hear
  The secret of its sweetness;
I'd search beneath the fungus shelves
For glimpses of goblins, gnomes and elves;
I'd run a race with the laughing brook,
Or chase it to some witch-kept nook,
  Whose spell would stay its fleetness.

"I'd hide in the haunt of the mocking bird
Till I learned its melody word for word;
Full length upon the moss I'd lie,
Content beneath the changing sky
  In that one day's completeness.

"If I were a little girl again,
  Even as you, as you,
If fairy folk were truly folk,
  And all the world were new,
I'd just be happy, little one,
  Till the long, long day was through."

A LIFE-LESSON

There! little girl; don't cry!
  They have broken your doll, I know;
    And your tea-set blue,
    And your play-house, too,
  Are things of long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by,—
    There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
  They have broken your slate, I know;
    And the glad, wild ways
    Of your schoolgirl days
  Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by,—
    There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
  They have broken your heart, I know;
    And the rainbow gleams
    Of your youthful dreams
  Are things of the long ago;
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh,—
    There! little girl; don't cry!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

WHEN WE LAY OUR DOLLS AWAY

What is it, dear heart? "Too big for dolls?"
  Is that what the wise folks say?
You "must say good-by to your childhood friends,
  For you're twelve years old to-day?"
The dear little lady with flaxen hair
  And the darling with black eyes bright,
And—dearest of all—the "raggedy doll"—
  Must be hidden away from sight?

Ah, dear little girl, I know, I know;
  For the very saddest day
Is the day that comes to us, one and all,
  When we lay our dolls away;
The beautiful doll of Innocence,
  And the sturdy doll called Truth,
And—saddest of all—the "raggedy doll"—
  The unquestioning faith of youth!

—Florence A. Jones.

MAIDENHOOD

Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;—
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

FROM THE BLUE BIRD

LIGHT.

There are many more Happinesses on Earth than people think; but the generality of men do not discover them. . . .

TYLTYL.

Here are some little ones: let us run and meet them. . . .

LIGHT.

It is unnecessary: those which interest us will pass this way. We have no time to make the acquaintance of all the rest. . . .

TYLTYL.

How pretty, how very pretty they are! . . . Where do they come from, who are they? . . .

LIGHT.

They are the Children's Happinesses. . . .

TYLTYL.

Can one speak to them?

LIGHT.

It would be no use. They sing, they dance, they laugh, but they do not talk yet. . . .

TYLTYL (*skipping about*).

How do you do? How do you do? . . . Oh, look at that fat one laughing! . . . What pretty cheeks they have, what pretty frocks they have! . . . Are they all rich here? . . .

LIGHT.

Why, no, here, as everywhere, there are many more poor than rich. . . .

TYLTYL.

Where are the poor ones? . . .

LIGHT.

You can't distinguish them. . . . A Child's Happiness is always arrayed in all that is most beautiful in Heaven and upon Earth.

* * * * * * *

(*Another troop of* HAPPINESSES, *a little taller than the last, rush into the hall, singing at the top of their voice.*)

* * * * * * *

THE HAPPINESS.

How do you do, Tyltyl? . . .

TYLTYL.

Another one who knows me! . . . (*To* LIGHT.) I am getting known wherever I go! . . . (*To* THE HAPPINESS.) Who are you? . . .

THE HAPPINESS.

Don't you recognize me? . . . I'll wager that you don't recognize any one here! . . .

TYLTYL (*a little embarrassed*).

Why, no. . . . I don't know. . . . I don't remember seeing any of you. . .

THE HAPPINESS.

There, do you hear? . . . I was sure of it! . . . He has never seen us! . . .

(*All the other* HAPPINESSES *burst out laughing.*) Why, my dear Tyltyl, we are the only things you do know! . . . We are always around you! . . . We eat, drink, wake up, breathe and live with you! . . .

TYLTYL.

Oh, yes, just so, I know, I remember. . . . But I should like to know what your names are. . . .

THE HAPPINESS.

I can see that you know nothing. . . . I am the chief of the Happinesses of your home; and all these are the other Happinesses that live there. . . .

TYLTYL.

Then there are Happinesses in my home? . . .
(*All the* HAPPINESSES *burst out laughing.*)

THE HAPPINESS.

You heard him! . . . Are there Happinesses in his home! . . . Why, you little wretch, it is crammed with Happinesses in every nook and cranny! . . . We laugh, we sing, we create enough joy to knock down the walls and lift the roof; but, do what we may, you see nothing and you hear nothing. . . .

I hope that in future, you will be a little more sensible. . . . Meantime, you shall shake hands with the more noteworthy of us. . . . Then, when you reach home again, you will recognize them more easily and, at the end of a fine day, you will know how to encourage them with a smile, to thank them with a pleasant word, for they really do all they can to make your life easy and delightful. . . . Let me introduce myself first: the Happiness of Being Well, at your service. . . . I am not the prettiest, but I am the most important. Will you know me again? . . . This is the Happiness of Pure Air, who is almost transparent. . . . Here is the Happiness of Loving one's Parents, who is clad in grey and always a little sad, because no one ever looks at him. . . . Here are the Happiness of the Blue Sky, who, of course, is dressed in blue, and the Happiness of the Forest, who, also of course, is clad in green: you will see him every time you go to the window. . . . Here, again, is the good Happiness of Sunny Hours, who is diamond-coloured, and this is the Happiness of Spring, who is bright emerald. . . .

TYLTYL.

And are you as fine as that every day?

THE HAPPINESS OF BEING WELL.

Why, yes, it is Sunday every day, in every house, when people open their eyes. . . . And then, when evening comes, here is the Happiness of the Sunsets, who is grander than all the kings in the world and who is followed by the Happiness of Seeing the Stars Rise, who is gilded like a god of old. . . . Then, when the weather breaks, here are the Happiness of the Rain, who is covered with pearls, and the Happiness of the Winter Fire, who opens his beautiful purple mantle to frozen hands. . . . And I have not mentioned the best among us, because he is nearly a brother of the great limpid Joys whom you will see presently: his name is the Happiness of Innocent Thoughts, and he is the brightest of us all. . . . And then here are . . . But really there are too many of them! . . . We should never have done; and I must first send word to the Great Joys, who are right at the back, near the gates of Heaven, and who have not yet heard of your arrival. . . . I will send the Happiness of Running Barefoot in the Dew, who is the nimblest of us. . . . (*To the* HAPPINESS OF RUNNING BAREFOOT IN THE DEW, *who comes forward capering.*) Off you go! . . .

THE HAPPINESS.

(*Tall and beautiful angelic figures, clad in shimmering dresses, come slowly forward.*)

TYLTYL.

How beautiful they are! . . . Why are they not laughing? . . . Are they not happy? . . .

LIGHT.

It is not when one laughs that one is really happy. . . .

TYLTYL.

Who are they? . . .

THE HAPPINESS.

They are the Great Joys. . . .

TYLTYL.

Do you know their names? . . .

THE HAPPINESS.

Of course; we often play with them. . . .

* * * * * * *

Here, among the greatest Joys, is the Joy of Seeing what is Beautiful, who daily adds a few rays to the light that reigns amongst us. . . .

TYLTYL.

And there, far away, far away, in the golden clouds, the one whom I can hardly see when I stand as high as I can on tip-toe? . .

THE HAPPINESS.

That is the Great Joy of Loving. . . . But, do what you will, you are ever so much too small to see her altogether. . . .

TYLTYL.

And over there, right at the back, those who are veiled and who do not come near? . . .

THE HAPPINESS.

Those are the Joys whom men do not yet know. . . .

TYLTYL.

What do the others want with us? . . . Why are they standing aside? . . .

THE HAPPINESS.

It is before a new Joy who is arriving, perhaps the purest that we have here. . . .

TYLTYL.

Who is it?

THE HAPPINESS.

Don't you recognize her yet? . . . But take a better look at her, open your two

eyes down to the very heart of your soul! . . . She has seen you, she has seen you! . . . She runs up to you, holding out her arms! . . . It is your mother's Joy, it is the peerless Joy of Maternal Love! . . .

* * * * * * *

THE JOY OF MATERNAL LOVE.

Tyltyl! And Mytyl! . . . What, do I find you here! . . . I never expected it! . . . I was very lonely at home; and here are you two climbing to that Heaven where the souls of all mothers beam with joy! . . . But first kisses, heaps and heaps of kisses! . . . Into my arms, the two of you; there is nothing on earth that gives greater happiness! . . . Tyltyl, aren't you laughing? . . . Nor you either, Mytyl? . . . Don't you know your mother's love when you see it? . . . Why, look at me: are these not my eyes, my lips, my arms? . . .

TYLTYL.

Yes, yes, I recognize them, but I did not know. . . . You are like Mummy, but you are much prettier. . . .

MATERNAL LOVE.

Why, of course, I have stopped growing old. . . . And every day brings me

fresh strength and youth and happiness. . . . Each of your smiles makes me younger by a year. . . . At home, that does not show; but here everything is seen and it is the truth. . . .

TYLTYL (*wonder-struck, gazing at her and kissing her by turns.*)

And that beautiful dress of yours: what is it made of? . . . Is it silk, silver or pearls? . . .

MATERNAL LOVE.

No, it is made of kisses and caresses and loving looks. . . . Each kiss you give me adds a ray of moon-light or sunshine to it. . . .

TYLTYL.

How funny, I should never have thought that you were so rich! . . . Where used you to hide it? . . . Was it in the cupboard of which Daddy has the key? . . .

MATERNAL LOVE.

No, no, I always wear it, but people do not see it, because people see nothing when their eyes are closed. . . . All mothers are rich when they love their children. . . . There are no poor moth-

ers, no ugly ones, no old ones. Their love is always the most beautiful of the Joys. . . . And, when they seem most sad, it needs but a kiss which they receive or give to turn all their tears into stars in the depths of their eyes. . . .

TYLTYL (*looking at her with astonishment*).

Why, yes, it's true, your eyes are filled with stars. . . . And they are really your eyes, only they are much more beautiful. . . . And this is your hand too, with the little ring on it. . . . It even has the burn which you gave it one evening when lighting the lamp. . . . But it is much whiter; and how delicate the skin is! . . . There seems to be light flowing through it. . . . Doesn't it do any work like the one at home? . . .

MATERNAL LOVE.

Why, yes, it is the very same: did you never see that it becomes quite white and fills with light the moment it fondles you? . . .

TYLTYL.

It's wonderful, Mummy: you have the same voice also; but you speak much better than you do at home. . . .

MATERNAL LOVE.

At home, one has too much to do and there is no time. . . . But what one does not say one hears all the same. . . . Now that you have seen me, will you know me again, in my torn dress, when you go back to the cottage to-morrow? . . .

TYLTYL.

I don't want to go back. . . . As you are here, I want to stay also, as long as you remain. . . .

MATERNAL LOVE.

But it's just the same thing: I am down below, we are all down below. . . . You have come up here only to realize and to learn, once and for all, how to see me when you see me down below. . . . Do you understand, Tyltyl dear? . . . You believe yourself in Heaven; but Heaven is wherever you and I kiss each other. . . . There are not two mothers; and you have no other. . . . Every child has only one; and it is always the same one and always the most beautiful; but you have to know her and to know how to look.

—*Maurice Maeterlinck.*

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER

Starting forth on life's rough way,
  Father, guide them;
Oh! we know not what of harm
  May betide them!
'Neath the shadow of Thy wing,
  Father, hide them!
Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
  Go beside them.

When in prayer they cry to Thee,
  Do Thou hear them;
From the stains of sin and shame
  Do Thou clear them;
'Mid the quicksands and the rocks
  Do Thou steer them;
In temptation, trial, grief,
  Be Thou near them.

Unto Thee we give them up,
  Lord receive them;
In the world we know must be
  Much to grieve them,—
Many striving oft and strong
  To deceive them;
Trustful in Thy hands of love
  We must leave them.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

AT LIFE'S THRESHOLD

Little life from out the life divine,
Little heart so near and dear to mine,
Little bark new launched upon life's sea
In the sunny days of infancy,
Little comer on our shore of Time,
Little ray from out God's great sublime,
Little traveller from eternity,
May my love protect and shelter thee.

In the passage through our human state
Many dark and dreary days await;
Many are the burdens must be borne,
Many are the times our hearts are torn.
These are in thy pathway, little one,
Ere thy journey through our world be done.
From the stings of all adversity
May my love protect and shelter thee.

For, enwrapped invisibly thou art
In a tendril reaching from my heart;
And around thy tiny form entwine
Love-chords from thy mother's heart and
mine.
From some land of morning hast thou come,
Like a gleam of sunshine in our home;
And, my child, whate'er thy lot may be,
May our love protect and shelter thee.

—*J. A. Edgerton.*

THE CHILDREN

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,
  And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony
  Where the feet of the dear ones must go.
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
  Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild;
Oh, there is nothing on earth so holy
  As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households,
  They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
  His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Oh, those truants from home and from heaven,
  They have made me more manly and mild!
And I know how Jesus could liken
  The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not for the dear ones,
  All radiant, as others have done.
But that life may have just enough shadow
  To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil
  But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
  But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
  I have banished the rule and the rod,
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
  They have taught me the goodness of God;

My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
  Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
  My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the Autumn,
  To traverse the threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
  That meet me each morning at the door!
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses
  And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
  That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morning and at evening,
  Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
  And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
  And death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
  To bid me good-night and be kissed.

—*Charles Dickens.*

PART VI

"IT IS BETTER TO TRAVEL HOPEFULLY THAN TO ARRIVE"

"You can measure a man's greatness by the length of his vision into the future."

"IT IS BETTER TO TRAVEL HOPEFULLY THAN TO ARRIVE"

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
  Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
  Emits a brighter ray.

—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

"Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind."

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind.

—*Alexander Pope.*

Be like the bird, that halting in her flight
  Awhile on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way beneath her, and yet sings,
  Knowing that she hath wings.

—*Victor Hugo.*

"This pretty bird, oh, how she flies and sings!
  How could she do so if she had not wings?
  Her wings bespeak my faith, her songs my peace;
  When I believe and sing, my doubtings cease."

"The heart that trusts, forever sings,
  And feels as light as it had wings,
  A well of peace within it springs,—
    Come good or ill."

Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in. I drink at it; but while I drink I see the sandy bottom and detect how shallow it is. Its thin current slides away, but eternity remains. I would drink deeper; fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly with stars.

—*Henry D. Thoreau.*

"IT IS BETTER TO TRAVEL HOPEFULLY THAN TO ARRIVE"

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

—*Joseph Addison.*

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

—*William Wordsworth.*

What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

To enter the region in which it seems better to wonder than to know, to aspire rather than to define, to hope rather than to be satisfied. A spirit which walks expectantly along this path grows to learn that the secret of such happiness as we can attain lies in simplicity and courage, in sincerity and loving-kindness; it grows more and more averse to material ambitions and mean aims; and more and more desires silence and recollection and contemplation. In this mood, the words of the wise fall like the tolling of sweet, grave bells upon the soul, the dreams of poets come like music heard at evening from the depth of some enchanted forest, wafted over a wide water; we know not what instrument it is whence the music wells, by what fingers swept, by what lips blown; but we know that there is some presence there that is sorrowful or glad, who has power to translate his dream into concord of sweet sounds. Such a mood need not withdraw us from life, from toil, from kindly relationships, from deep affections; but it will rather send us back to life with a renewed and joyful zest, with a desire to discern the true quality of beautiful things, of fair thoughts, of courageous hopes,

of wise designs. It will make us tolerant and forgiving, patient with stubbornness and prejudice, simple in conduct, sincere in word, gentle in deed; with pity for weakness, with affection for the lonely and the desolate, with admiration for all that is noble and serene and strong.

—*Arthur C. Benson.*

From "From a College Window."

Such fun to keep on longing,
Such joy to dream our dream
With gladness and with laughter
As the days around us gleam.
A fine old world for gladness
That comes as sure as fate,
As springtime with the lilies
When lilac decks the gate.
Such cheer to put by sighing,
And with our heart's best love
Keep struggling and keep trying,
With trust in things above.

—*Bentztown Bard.*

Copyrighted by Southern Press Syndicate.

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
  Everything is happy now,
  Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue—
  'Tis the natural way of living.
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
  In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
  The heart forgets its sorrow and ache.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
  And let the young Lambs bound
  As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
  Ye that pipe and ye that play,
  Ye that through your hearts to-day
  Feel the gladness of May!

And oh, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Think not of any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped as lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
  Is lovely yet:

"IT IS BETTER TO TRAVEL HOPEFULLY THAN TO ARRIVE"

Thanks to the human heart by which we
live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can
give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

—*William Wordsworth.*

SUNLIGHT OF THE HEART

It's the sunlight of the heart that makes sweet
the chosen way;
It's the sunlight of the heart, not the sunlight of
the day.
It's the sunlight of the heart
Keeps us toiling, cold or heat,
With the blossoms in our dreams
And the robins singing sweet.

It's the sunshine of the heart keeps the world
from turning gray;
It's the sunshine of the heart keeps the spirits
fresh with play.
It's the sunshine of the heart,
Stored with beauty of the years,
Keeps the shadows from the soul,
Heals the heartache and the tears.

It's the sunlight of the heart makes us young
along the line
With the touch of morning song in a world love
makes divine.
It's the sunlight of the heart
Helps us laugh when troubles loom,
And it leads us with its laughter
On the way life walks to bloom.

It's the sunshine of the heart makes the sunshine
of the day
Just to help us chase the care and the dark and
doubt away.
It's the sunshine of the heart
That shall lead us, worn and pale,
To the beauty of the lilies
In that last eternal vale.

—*Bentztown Bard.*

Copyrighted by Southern Press Syndicate.

SING STRONGER, HEART

Sing blither, heart, along the shortening way;
Since thou must sing,
Attune they lute strings to some lighter lay,
Some air of spring;
Shut out the minor of the autumn rain,
The crooning of the east wind, from thy strain,
Sing blither, heart!

"IT IS BETTER TO TRAVEL HOPEFULLY THAN TO ARRIVE"

Sing gladder, heart! the world is full of woe,
And thou canst sing;
For such a gracious gift, what dost thou woe,
Remembering,
Weave gladness in thy song, and it may bring
New strength to some bruised heart or wounded wing.
Sing gladder, heart!

Sing stronger, heart, and clearer be thy tones
Of hope and trust,
Yet higher keyed thy psalm, thy altar stones
Raised past the dust!
The shortened hand may fall, but ne'er forget
The Lord is in His holy temple, yet,
Sing stronger, heart!

—*Christian Work.*

WITH THE LARK

Night is for sorrow and dawn is for joy,
Chasing the troubles that fret and annoy;
Darkness for sighing and daylight for song,—
Cheery and chaste the strain, heartfelt and strong.
All the night through, though I moan in the dark,
I wake in the morning to sing with the lark.

Deep in the midnight, the rain whips the leaves,
Softly and sadly the wood-spirit grieves.
But when the first hue of dawn tints the sky,
I shall shake out my wings like the birds and be dry;
And though, like the raindrops, I grieved through the dark,
I shall wake in the morning to sing with the lark.

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*

IN TUNE

Keeping in tune as we pass our way,
Keeping in tune with the sweet of the day,
The surge of the struggle, the gift of the fight,
Keeping in tune to the bugles of light,
The measures of beauty that over us ring,
Keeping in tune to the truth as we swing
On to our labor and on to our rest
With ever a tune of life's love in our breast.

Keeping in tune to the beauty of earth,
Keeping in tune to its sunshine and mirth;
Keeping in tune to its birds and its flowers,
Its moonlight and starlight, its vines and its bowers:
Keeping in tune to the music that pours
Around the sweet world of the green out o' doors,

"IT IS BETTER TO TRAVEL HOPEFULLY THAN TO ARRIVE"

To the lilt and the laughter, the brightness
and glee,
That glow when love lifts us and sets our
souls free.

—*Bentztown Bard.*

Copyrighted by Southern Press Syndicate.

MY DESIRE

This for to-day is my desire—
To keep myself in wise control,
Only toward that which makes for good
To bend the forces of my soul.

To feel the Spirit in the wind,
The strength that cometh from the hills,
The sweet and tender messages
With which the air about me thrills.

Nor cry for past, nor forward stretch,
Nor yield my petty woes a place,
But take whate'er each hour unfolds
With thankful and obedient grace.

For this one day to me is given,
I take with joy the gift divine,
Each moment hold in sacred fee
That I may make the vision mine.

—*Lucy L. Montgomery.*

Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name?
  Builder and Maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands!
What, have fear of change from Thee who art ever the same?
  Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
  The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
  On earth the broken arcs; in heaven, a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;
  Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
  When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
  The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
  Enough that he heard it once; we shall hear it by-and-by.

—*Robert Browning.*

"IT IS BETTER TO TRAVEL HOPEFULLY THAN TO ARRIVE"

I know not where His islands lift
  Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
  Beyond His love and care.

Oh, brothers! if my faith is vain,
  If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
  The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
  Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
  My human heart on Thee.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

O Love that wilt not let me go,
  I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
  May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
  I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
  May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
  I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
  That morn shall tearless be.

—*George Matheson.*

Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know
What rainbows teach, and sunsets show?

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

"AT EVENING-TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT."

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Page

Addison, Joseph 333
Akers, Elizabeth 206-217
Arnold, Matthew 38

Babcock, Maltbie Davenport 87-100
Bailey, Philip James 81
Bangs, John Kendrick 36
Bard, Bentztown 33-134-158-210-335-337-340
Bashford, H. H. 148
Bennett, Arnold 74
Benson, Arthur C. 185-186-190-334
Bolton, Sarah Knowles 84
Bonar, Horatio 216
Briscoe, Margaret Sutton 279
Brooke, Stopford A. 184
Brown, Susie Dawson 295
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett 55-99-118
Browning, Robert 38-60-342
Brunton, William 194
Bryant, William Cullen 43-56-324
Buckham, James 89
Budd, Myra Hummel 276
"Bulletin, L. A. W." 131
Burns, Robert 65
Butts, Mary F. 226-296
Byron, Lord 53

Call, Annie Payson 121
Campbell, Bessie Warren 280
Canning, Josephine 35
Cary, Alice 175
Century, The 305
Channing, Wm. Henry 86
Charles, Elizabeth 99
Cincinnati Enquirer 286
Cincinnati Times-Star 26
Commonwealth, Christian 23
Companion, Woman's Home 277
Cook, Edmund Vance 92-129
Cook, Rose Terry 263

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Page

Cornell, Annie S. 285
Cowper 187
Crandall, C. H. 29
Crane, Dr. Frank 66-136
Crannell, Elizabeth 71
Crosby, Ernest 190

Daly, T. A. 176
Dickens, Charles 208-326
Dickinson, Martha Gilbert 47
Dolliver, Clara G. 289
Doppman, Hannah Leary 249
Dresser, Horatio W. 116
Dubois, Julian A. 209
Dunbar, Paul Laurence 228-230-278-339

Edgerton, J. A. 325
Eliot, George 264
Emerson, Ralph Waldo . 37-50-57-81-122-143-191-225-333-344

Field, Eugene 193-200-274-284-288
Foss, Sam Walter 5-90-125-126-261
Francis, Elizabeth H. 157

Gem, The 297
Gilbert, W. S. 129
Gilman, Charlotte Perkins 60-120
Goldsmith, Oliver 331
Green, Roy Farrell 86
Griggs, Edward Howard 83-105
Guest, Edgar A. 42-130-283-290-301

Hale, Robert Beverly 215
Havergal, Frances Ridley 70
Hawthorne, Nathaniel 178
Hayes, Florence A. 232
Heath, Gertrude E. 274
Hebe 295
Herald, Los Angeles 197
Herbert, Blanche E. 192-219
Herbert, George 99
Higginson, Ella 48
Hodges, Leigh Mitchell 45-253
Hosmer, Frederick L. 104-106
Hubbard, Elbert 91
Hugo, Victor 332
Hutt, Frank Walcott 181

Ingelow, Jean 31-100-194-263
Isaacson, Charles D. 188

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Page

Jackson, Arthur Austin 271
Jackson, Helen Hunt 140
James, William 117
Johnson, Finley 213
Johnson, Maurice C. 302
Jones, Florence A. 310

Keats, John 40
Keller, Helen 68-139-179
Kipling, Rudyard 93
Kiser, S. E. 21-182-202
Klingle, George 239

Lakey, Charles D. 35
Larcom, Lucy 183-184-191-265
Le Gallienne, Richard 281
Leonard, Priscilla 81-214
Lincoln, Abraham 97-237
Longfellow, Henry W. 51-150-269-271-272-310
Lowell, James Russell 46-101-336

Macleod, Norman 238
Maeterlinck, Maurice 77-180-312
Malloch, Douglas 265
Markham, Edwin 88
Matheson, George 343
Matson, Mabel Cornelia 281
May, Julia Harris 162-251
McDonald, George 275
Miller, Christine 113
Milton, John 148
Mitchell, Donald G. 229
M'Kinsey, Folger 25
Montgomery, Lucy L. 341
Monthly, Domestic 199
Muse, Will D. 245

Nelson, Milton O. 304

Ordway, Elizabeth Thomson 299
Oxenham, John 77

Park, John Edgar 19-156-180
Payne, John Howard 207
Perry, Carlotta 147
Pope, Alexander 331
Post, Houston 141
Procter, Bryan W. 29-53-196

Record, Medical Missionary 252
Rexford, Eben E. 242

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Page

Riley, James Whitcomb 217-225-229-233-309
Roosevelt, Theodore 102
Ruskin, John 34

Saleeby, C. W., M. D. 120-138
Sangster, Margaret 149
Saturday, Every Other 212
Scull, Annie L. 118
Service, Robert W. 58-125-126-128
Shakespeare 30
Sill, Edward Rowland 24-67
Smith, Rachel G. 225
Smith, Mrs. J. E. 273
Smyth, Marion M. 256
Somerset, Joan 159
Spofford, Harriet Prescott 275
Stevenson, Charles W. 85
Stevenson, Robert Louis 1-220
Sylvester, Elisabeth 195
Syme, Jane Grey 34
Symonds, John A. 107

Taylor, Jane 237
Tennyson, Alfred 151
Thaxter, Celia 132
Thoreau, Henry D. 57-227-332
Townsend, Mary Ashley 28
Transcript, Boston 55
Trine, Ralph Waldo 117-119
Twain, Mark 169

Wordsworth, William 21-39-41-48-52-72-101-189-233-333-336
Wagner, Charles 20-76-135-139-163
Waterman, Nixon 147
Watson, William 27
Weekly, British 69
West, James H. 83
White, Bouck 95
Whittier, John Greenleaf 54-100-343
Whitney, Gertrude Capen 250
Wiggin, James B. 307
Wilcox, Ella Wheeler 115-157-239-243-258
Wilder, Marshall P. 155
Wood, Henry 115
Woodruff, Nannie H. 73
Work, Christian 338

Young, Ella Flagg 79

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 111 113 7

rnia
l